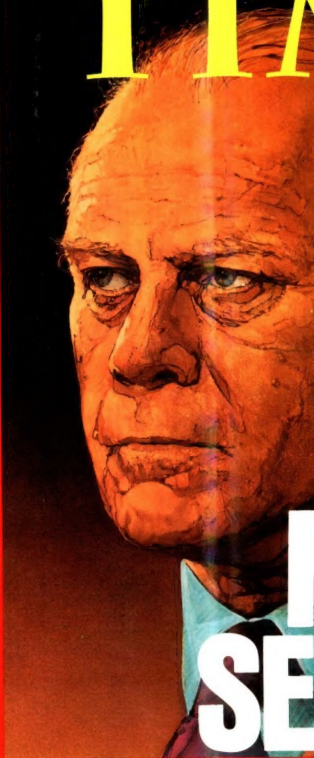


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Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
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Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Mids Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*1	*0.1
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

(lowest of all brands)
*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.



No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine.
 Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Four years ago, Washington Correspondent Hays Gorey, who wrote most of this week's major report on significant local elections, was covering the Republican National Committee and C.R.P. (the Committee for the Re-Election of the President). John Dean, recently remarried, was staying silently behind the scenes at the White House as counsel to Richard Nixon. Watergate was still best known as an expensive apartment-office complex on the Potomac River.

This election year, John Dean, who helped make Watergate part of American speech and history, is a journalist himself, having revealed in a *Rolling Stone* article the scatological indiscretion that forced Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz to resign. Gorey, who had yet to cultivate Dean as a news source in 1972, has since come to know him and his second wife better. He interviewed Dean extensively from the time of his firing by Nixon in April 1973 to his release from prison in January 1975 and collaborated with Mrs. Dean on a book, "Mo": A Woman's View of Watergate. "It will take more than rhetoric to restore the faith of the people in our political system," says Gorey. "But I think something like Watergate may never happen again. It forced those who gain public office to examine what they do."

Gorey has reported on Capitol Hill, presidential candidates and the Justice, Labor and Treasury departments since coming to TIME's Washington bureau from the Salt Lake City *Tribune* eleven years ago. For the 1976 campaign, he has switched roles and helped to interpret the rush of each week's events as a writer in New York for the *NATION* section. In his spare time, he is writing a volume about the political growth of Robert Kennedy, whom he covered in the Senate and during R.F.K.'s brief, tragic 1968 presidential campaign.

CORRESPONDENT HAYS GOREY

Also contributing to this week's local election survey were New York Bureau Chief Laurence Barrett, who reported and wrote the articles on the lively New York and Pennsylvania Senate races, and Nation Writer Stephen Schlesinger, who focused on some of the new faces stumping for statewide and congressional seats. Schlesinger found that most of these races have a common theme: "Watergate has definitely affected the elections this year," he says. "Almost everyone has made integrity in government an issue."

Barrett covered the Goldwater and Johnson camps in 1964 but reports that he has a special affection for a state-level contest. "You see both the candidates and the citizenry in something approaching a natural state," says Barrett. "You hear the voters' concerns and you find out whether a politician talks to ordinary folks, or simply processes them through the handshaking-and-grin machine."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Covers: Portrait by Jim Sharpe.

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FORUM

Cool Dixie

To the Editors:

I applaud the special issue of *TIME* on "The South Today" (Sept. 27).

You made an excellent assessment of what makes a "new" Southerner a "real" Southerner. Perhaps until now I didn't know and thought no one cared.

Anne Cavin Walters
Hampton, Ga.

Your issue was a delight, but in all those pages on the glorious emergence of the South, there was only the briefest nod toward the reason why we're booming down here. If it weren't for air con-



ditioning, the South would be uninhabitable, by modern standards, for six to nine months of the year.

Eleanor B. Pierce
Tampa, Fla.

How Dare You?

Who do you people think you are ... "discovering" the South? Patting us on the back because Faulkner rose a phoenix from our ashes? Because Carter plays the erudite Good Ole Boy? Because you have finally noticed the real bigots live up North? How dare you patronize us?

Ann Goette Distler
Donaldsonville, La.

Smell Dem Magnolias

Paul Gray observes that "Southern writing today ... seems stalled between the glorious past and an uncertain future. The past ... has become a burden to its inheritors."

TIME reports that movie moguls have hired Anne Edwards, a non-Southerner, to write the genesis for a sequel to *Gone With the Wind*, the alltime "mules and mansions" novel.

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FORUM

No matter how far the Old South recedes into shadow and dust, the money seekers will always pull back the Faulknerian mansions and moss to show the glorious past. Y'all smell dem magnolias, honey?

Edgar H. de Lesseps
Arlington, Va.

The Southern Language

You have opened up a Pandora's box with your comments on the rich and colorful expressions of the South. The one sticking in my mind since my Army duty in Georgia is: "You're as nervous as a long-tailed cat at a rocking-chair convention."

Franklin Gottman
Waterford, Conn.

I'm just grinnin' like a mule eatin' briars as I read this issue.

Ann Viamonte
Dallas

Add to the similes: fine as frogs' hair.
Frederic N. Home
Virginia Beach, Va.

I Can't Go Back

I testify with your Bonnie Angelo that Southerners never really leave. But I can't go back—until perhaps they improve the ski slopes back home, and the Chinook and steelhead run the Bayou Pierre. The Yankee life has been too good.

Jefferson Davis Miller III
Camas, Wash.

All this Georgia girl can say after reading "The South Today" is "Oh, Lord, I wanna go home!"

Thanks for the most unbiased writing I've seen lately.

Joan Smith Cole
Monroe, Conn.

You forgot to report on the tarpaper shacks and the many thousands of acres of undeveloped wasteland. Now how about one on the Midwest and Ford Country, y'all?

Frank Gregory
Kokomo, Ind.

Your issue gave us a lot of corn pone to swallow.

The Northeast has made the New South a present of our federal funds, brains, brawn and jobs. Without the deprivation of the Northeast, the New South would never have risen.

Richard L. Auten
Stratford, Conn.

Brain Drain Gnat Strain

I think you're straining at gnats to explain the "brain drain" from the South. I suppose it's natural to relate the brain drain to writers. But the apparent reason for the writer drain is that the

New York and Southern California arcades have been centers for the arts. If you had selected petroleum engineers, you would have come to an opposite conclusion, for the same reason—career opportunity and economics.

Loevick P. Thomas
New Orleans

State of Mind

Don't you-all know the South is not a location but a state of mind. You left out Kentucky!

Ruby W. Ebert
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

When are you going to stop using that map left over from the Civil War that includes the whole state of Texas in "the South"?

Except for East Texans, the rest of us live in the Southwest.

Pat Colonna
Denton, Texas

Blooming Arts

It was with surprise that I found no Art section included in "The South Today." Despite this lamentable omission, the arts are blooming in the South, and Southern artists, art educators and art historians are making significant national contributions.

Charles Randall Mack, President
Southeastern College Art Conference
Columbia, S.C.

Bible Belt Values

It is not the sun belt that is prospering; it is the Bible Belt. Religion has a powerful effect in maintaining the humanity, civility and cohesiveness of a region. It teaches people that there are higher values than efficiency and moneymaking.

William Blake once divided up the districts of England in the form of a giant man. The same could be done for America: the Northeast is the nervous system, the Midwest the muscles, the South the spirit and the emotions, and the West—well, the gonads.

Raymond L. Neubauer
Austin, Texas

Bad TIME

I would be a lot more upset about your somewhat gratuitous reference to the Delta Democrat-Times as a "second-rate" newspaper if I thought it was written by someone who had actually read the paper. But it fits in nicely with the generally half-witted tone of your issue on the South.

Glenn Garvin, Staff Writer
The Delta Democrat-Times
Greenville, Miss.

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exciting winds of change... stirred by Wagner and Tchaikovsky in *The Opulent Era*, fanned by Debussy, Rachmaninoff and Ravel in the *Prelude to Modern Music*, and furthered by Bartok, Prokofiev and Stravinsky in *Early Twentieth Century* music. And you'll also delight in the distinctive sound of *The Spanish Style* and *The Slavic Tradition*, born in ancient folkways and expressing a historic cultural identity.

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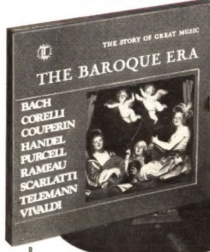
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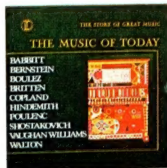
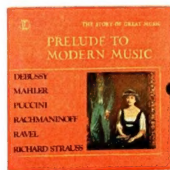
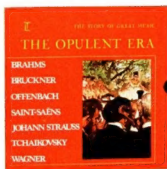
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PORS



PORSCHE CREATES A NEW PORSCHE

In 1949, Porsche created the first Porsche. A quarter of a century has passed. And the world has changed. These are new times, and they call for new solutions. So Porsche decided it was time to rethink the sportscar.

The result is the new Porsche 924.

One look at the new 924 will tell you how much things have changed. It doesn't look like any Porsche you've ever seen. Its clean, flowing lines not only please the eye, but have startling aerodynamic characteristics. Its wind tunnel tests registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient.

But the heart of any sportscar is, and always will be, its handling characteristics. And this is where the uniqueness of the new Porsche 924 really comes through. The engine and clutch are up front, but the transmission is in the rear, at the driving wheels.

Rather than a heavy drive shaft, with universal joints, there is a solid drive shaft in a torque tube connecting the front-mounted engine with the rear-mounted transmission. This forms a single, rigid unit, does away with universal joints, and allows for more direct power transfer.

The result is an almost perfect 50-50 weight distribution and a cornering ability that will leave you breathless. McPherson struts in front and a wishbone torsion bar suspension in the rear keep the body lean to a minimum in curves. Rack-and-pinion steering assures the driver of quick response to every command.

In today's world, "practicality" is the watchword, even for a sportscar. The new Porsche 924 meets that demand. The engine is an overhead cam design with a continuous fuel injection system. It's water cooled with a thermostatically controlled, electrically driven radiator fan. The design makes servicing easy and keeps repair costs to a minimum.

On the highway, EPA estimates 31 mpg (17 mpg in the city), with standard transmission. Of course, your actual mileage may vary, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car, and optional equipment.

As unique as the new Porsche 924 is, there are many things it shares with all Porsches. It is built with the same meticulous attention to detail, the same commitment to visual and driving excitement that have always been the very meaning of the word "Porsche."

The new Porsche 924 is not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche. And that is perhaps the most practical thing about it.

The new Porsche 924 makes a Porsche possible. For you.

THE 924

THE CAMPAIGN/COVER STORIES

FORD'S TOUGHEST WEEK

Suddenly Gerald Ford ran into his toughest week of the presidential campaign—and perhaps of his entire political career. For a month Ford has been closing fast on Jimmy Carter. But now the President was struck by a series of setbacks that were remarkable even in this mercurial year, marked by flip-flops at the podiums and in the polls. Amid the flood of blunders and bad news, there were also reports that revived questions about the President's probity in the past. Some of the charges were both old and minor, but even his supporters feared that unless Ford was able to make a clear and quick refutation, he would be seriously damaged.

As Ford was besieged on every side, Carter's camp worked overtime to take advantage of the situation. Nobody has ever accused Carter of lacking an instinct for the jugular, and he displayed it clearly throughout the week. For the first time since Labor Day, the Democratic candidate was scoring points with the voters, as he crisscrossed the country and hit hard at Ford at every stop. In his attacks, Carter was so aggressive that it was possible he would provoke a sympathetic backlash for Ford—if the allegations about him were shown to be untrue or grossly overblown. But for the moment, the President gave the Democrats plenty to criticize:

- ▶ Ford's grasp of foreign policy and even his mere competence were called into question during his debate with Carter when he insisted that the Soviet Union does not dominate Eastern Europe.
- ▶ His ability to manage economic policy—and his hopes of going into the election with a nicely improving economy—were challenged by the news that in September wholesale prices jumped at about an 11% annual rate, the steepest rise in eleven months, and that unemployment declined only a hair, to 7.8% (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*).

- ▶ His leadership capacity was again being debated because of his hesitation in firing Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz for making an obscene, racist remark.
- ▶ His straight-arrow reputation

came under suspicion because of reports, confirmed by the White House, that in 1972 he had drawn on his political campaign funds to pay for clothing and plane tickets. The amounts were relatively small and, in the case of the plane tickets, quickly paid back to his campaign fund. But Ford had violated Congress's Code of Official Conduct, which states that "a member shall keep his campaign funds separate from his personal funds" and "shall expend no funds from his campaign account not attributable to

Congressman but more recently broke with him.

Democrats were euphoric about the President's mounting political misfortunes. Crowded Carter's issues coordinator, Stuart Eizenstat: "If there is to be a turning point in this election, I think this week may very well have been just that." Carter has lately seemed more at

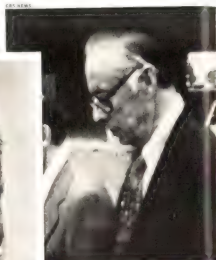
GRAND JURY WITNESS CALHOON



FATIGUED PRESIDENT FACES QUESTIONS FROM THE PRESS

bona fide campaign purpose. "Such separations can be difficult and ambiguous, as any taxpayer knows who has dealt with (and perhaps fudged) the line between personal and business expenses.

Further, Watergate Special Prosecutor Charles Ruff, who is investigating Ford's use of his congressional campaign money, last week brought a witness to testify before a Washington grand jury. The witness was Jesse Calhoon, president of the National Marine Engineers Beneficial Association, one of the two maritime unions that contributed to Ford's campaign funds when he was a



WATERGATE PROSECUTOR RUFF
Questions of probity.

case after revising his scheduling system so that he works shorter hours and suffers less from fatigue. He has also become more forceful on the stump. According to a survey by TIME correspondents, Carter already holds a comfortable lead in electoral votes, with 273 to Ford's 113.

Sensing Ford's vulnerability, Carter kept up the offensive. To the cheers of delighted audiences, he slashed at Ford for his failure to replace some old-line Nixon officials ("Ford has not changed the Nixon Administration"). Most of all, Carter challenged Ford to explain his income tax "discrepancies" and what he meant by saying that the people of Eastern Europe are not under Soviet domination. "Mr. Ford is hiding from the American people," charged Carter. "I call upon the American people to force Ford to tell the

Street Journal's Jerry Landauer and Christopher A. Evans and the *Washington Post's* Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward.

The document was a 13-page Internal Revenue Service summary of its audit of Ford's personal and political finances from 1967 through 1972; the audit was made as part of the Senate's confirmation hearings after Ford was selected by Richard Nixon to succeed Spiro Agnew. The identity of the informer still is not known (to disclose audit information is a misdemeanor). According to the *Washington Post*, he is a Carter supporter who gained access to the audit during Ford's vice-presidential confirmation hearings. The *Post* said that the man insisted he was acting on his own and without prompting from the Democratic camp.

Shortly before the confirmation hearings in November 1973, the audit

in Grand Rapids. That account, into which Ford's campaign contributions and honorariums for speeches were deposited, was supposed to be used only for campaign and political purposes. However, the money was spent for air tickets for his family and himself to fly from Washington to their Vail, Colo., vacation retreat for Christmas. Ford paid the money back into the Fifth District account by writing a check, dated Dec. 16, against his personal checking account with the House of Representatives' sergeant at arms, who provides free banking services for members. That account, however, was overdrawn by \$1,763.87, so that the new check put him \$2,930.87 into the red.

Somewhere along the line, a friendly soul—or perhaps Ford himself—evidently held on to the check until he was able to get his personal account back into balance. Not until Jan. 11, 1973, did the check clear the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond, which processes checks for Washington-area banks. Thus, Ford had the personal use of campaign funds for some six weeks.

The second instance: In 1972 checks totaling \$871.44 were written against the Fifth District Account for clothing that was worn by Betty and Ford. He believed that the clothing constituted a legitimate political expense, since he and Betty bought their new togs to use at the 1972 G.O.P. convention, when Ford appeared on national television to introduce Nixon's Cabinet. The IRS ruled that the outlay was not a legitimate campaign expense and he was assessed—and paid—\$435.77 in additional taxes.

FBI agents have been looking into the books of a Grand Rapids advertising agency, Insight, Inc., which handled Ford's congressional election drives in 1970 and 1972. Indeed, agency executives explained that they really caused the trouble about the clothing purchases because they urged Ford to modernize his mode of dress. Says one of them, Jeff B. Davis: "We wanted to put him in brighter colors and suits with wider lapels that had a more modern look." Adds Davis: "At the time, we were also representing a clothing store, so we picked out a wardrobe for him, and as a matter of course, the store billed us." Then Davis billed Ford's campaign account. Conceded a chagrined Davis: "We were babes in the woods."

An astonishing aspect of Ford's audit was what he did *not* spend. The IRS inspectors concluded that in 1972 he used only \$225 of his private money for personal expenses—or \$4.33 per week. The audit states that when informed of that figure, Ford expressed surprise. As an explanation, his aides maintain that he did not have to spend much. For ex-



IN FIGHTING MOOD, CANDIDATE CARTER ADDRESSES RALLY IN EL PASO

truth, "My God," moaned one newsman, "Ford is bleeding from every pore and Carter is going after more blood."

Of all Ford's problems, Republicans in Washington were particularly depressed over the whiff of possible scandal in his handling of campaign finances as a Congressman. Earlier this year, acting on the orders of Special Prosecutor Ruff, teams of FBI agents had combed through Ford's campaign financial records in Grand Rapids from 1964 through the present time, and reportedly found nothing. But last week, an informer in Washington slipped a confidential and highly sensitive document to two pairs of investigative reporters: the *Wall*

was made available to the Senate Rules Committee, and his finances were also intensively investigated by the FBI. Ford was given a completely clean bill of fiscal health in the hearings. Speaking of last week's publication of the audit and the debate over Ford's finances, Michigan Republican Senator Robert Griffin, a member of the Rules Committee, said: "If that's all there is, I'll be pleased." But the audit does show that Ford on at least two occasions dipped into campaign funds for personal use.

The first occurred on Nov. 30, 1972, when he wrote a check for \$1,167 against his Gerald R. Ford Fifth District Account at the Union Bank and Trust Co.

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ample, as an important Congressman, he was usually the guest at luncheons when he was not, he lunched in his office on cottage cheese and grapefruit juice.

The IRS audit accepted Ford's story about his spending habits. According to the *Washington Post*, the audit, however, did note that in 1972 Ford paid most of his day-to-day living expenses from checks drawn on a bank account funded by honorariums from speeches, reimbursements for travel and some political contributions. The bank account was the Fifth District one, and the IRS assertion only buttressed the impression that Ford did not fully live up to the House ethics requirement of maintaining a strict separation between private and political funds. The overall impression that emerges from the audit is one of a rushed and overworked man who was occasionally somewhat strapped, and dipped into his political account for needed cash without intending to com-

unions gave their support to Carter.

A federal investigation has been under way for three years into allegations, by a former National Maritime Union official turned informer, that his union paid regular stipends of about \$2,000 a month to a number of friendly Congressmen, including Ford during the 1960s when he was House minority leader. The witness said that he paid the money to an intermediary, who turned it over to legislators; the intermediary denies it. Attorney General Edward Levi told *TIME*: "The department has found no substantiation for the charges... Ruff is aware of them." An IRS report on the investigation was sent to Justice Department officials just as Ford became Vice President in 1973, but they discounted it because of the low credibility of the informer. Ruff began to probe into the matter after he was tipped to the existence of the report by several sources, including an aide to a Democratic Congressman. Asked by *TIME* about these

public, with no certainty that all the accusations can be resolved in the few weeks before the election. Grand jury members and prosecutors are sworn to secrecy. Ruff cannot discuss any aspects of his investigation until it is completed. By removing the office of the special prosecutor from any political influence and making him responsible only to the charter under which he operates, Congress in effect required Ruff to continue to investigate even though the allegations might have seemed to be shaky and he undoubtedly knew that his probe would affect the elections.

Ford's week of misadventures and buffeting left his campaign aides confused and rattled, at times late in the week, the President looked particularly grim. Said a campaign official: "We recognize that something has to be done, and fast, but what that something is, nobody seems to know." Vice President Nelson Rockefeller was being primed to lead a counterattack against Carter this week in hopes of putting the Democrat again on the defensive. The G.O.P. plan is for Rocky to hammer away at Carter's finances, raising questions about his campaign contributors and the tax records of his family-held peanut farm and warehouse. Some of Ford's advisers recommended that Republicans should point to Carter's use of tax benefits, notably the tax credit on capital improvements in his business, which allowed him to pay only 13% of his income in federal income taxes last year; i. Ford's 38%.

The President and his aides knew that this strategy would be only a delaying action, that ultimately Ford would have to answer reporters' questions about the financial charges. But what more could he say? His aides had already explained his spending for the trip to Vail and the clothing in 1972. As for the maritime unions investigation, only Ruff could declare the President's innocence.

In a way, the President was being victimized by a post-Watergate reality for total exposure of the affairs of public servants, and by the public's seeming insistence that they live up to standards that few other men meet. Though a breach of House ethics, the President's use of campaign funds seemed a rather modest offense. As for the maritime unions investigation, no accusers had been publicly identified, no formal charges had been leveled.

It would be tragic if the investigations stretch out inconclusively until Nov. 2 and cast a pall of suspicion over the election. Yet there have been so many surprises in Campaign '76 that next week could bring some new blunder or fresh disclosure, tossing the contest once again topsy-turvy. No doubt Candidate Ford has been badly set back, but, given the nature of this election, the winner could turn out to be the man who makes the second-to-last goof.

AFTER THE DEBATE, FORD HAS A LIGHTER MOMENT WITH CARTER, WIFE & SON.
The eventual winner may be the one who makes the next-to-last mistake.

mit any offense or jeopardize his reputation. (On his \$49,500 annual salary, Ford was then putting two of his four children through college and maintaining three homes—in Alexandria, Va., Grand Rapids, Mich., and Vail, Colo.)

Ford's other financial problem concerned Special Prosecutor Ruff's investigation into contributions from two maritime unions, the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association and the Seafarers International Union, both of which are among the highest political spenders in U.S. labor. They are anxious to win political support in order to gain special subsidies and other protection for American vessels that otherwise would be competed off the seas by lower-cost foreign shipping. Maritime unions contributed to Ford's congressional campaigns, but they turned against him after 1974 when he vetoed a potentially inflationary bill that would have required 20% of all imported oil to be carried in U.S. ships. This year the maritime

charges last week, Ford's chief of staff Richard Cheney, said: "The charge is so outlandish and preposterous and also false that it doesn't merit comment."

As part of the special prosecutor's investigation of Ford's use of previous campaign funds, Ruff last week also interrogated the Marine Engineers' union president, Calhoun, before a Washington grand jury. Ruff was most likely engaged in a prosecutorial practice known as "freezing testimony." This procedure puts a witness's sworn testimony into the record for possible later reference. Calhoun's responses before the grand jury may well have indicated Ford's innocence; if so, Ruff was nevertheless correctly carrying out his mandate by asking the questions in the forum.

The ironic—and potentially tragic—effect of Ruff's punctilious performance of his duties was to leave the President possibly accused in the eyes of the

THE BLOOPER HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

Chopping the air with his right hand, Gerald Ford boldly declared: "There is no Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, and there never will be under a Ford Administration."

Incredulous, New York Times Associate Editor Max Frankel asked a follow-up question that offered Ford a chance to retreat, but Ford lowered his head and charged into a trap of his own making. By his reckoning, Yugoslavia, Rumania and even Poland were not under the Soviet thumb. "Each of these countries is independent, autonomous, it has its own territorial integrity."

Thus, in his second debate with Jimmy Carter, Gerald Ford made what could well be the most damaging statement of his career. For any politician, calling Eastern Europe free would be an amazing gaffe. For a President, especially one who is running partly on a campaign theme of experience in foreign policy, the mistake reawakened many voters' suspicions that Ford is a bumbler. In fact, while Yugoslavia is largely free of Soviet domination and Rumania has achieved a measure of autonomy, Poland and several other countries of Eastern Europe are very much in thrall to the Russians.

Ford got into the jam in the course of answering Frankel's question about whether the Soviets had the better of the U.S. in the grain sales and the 1975 Helsinki agreement, which confirmed the postwar boundaries of Eastern Europe. The President easily came up with justification for the grain deals but ran into trouble trying to defend the Helsinki pact. He has clearly demonstrated in the past that he understands the realities of Eastern Europe, and he apparently meant to say, as he did several sentences later, that the U.S. "does not concede that those countries are under the domination of the Soviet Union." Ford even had studied lines to this effect in the briefing book. But somehow he truncated and garbled the lines, carried away by rhetoric. Then, instead of retracting his misstatement—and only running the risk of appearing tongue-tied—he bullheadedly stuck to what he had said.

Next day Ford struggled to disentangle himself, telling a large crowd of students at the University of Southern California: "It is our policy to use every peaceful means to assist countries in Eastern Europe in their efforts to become less dependent on the Soviet

Union and to establish closer and closer ties with the West." Shouted an unimpressed student: "Good try, Jerry." Two days later, Ford tried again, telling California businessmen that citizens of Poland "don't believe they are going to be forever dominated—if they are—by the Soviet Union." That only made the situation worse.

The gaffe injured Ford's chances of winning what he must: the crucial northern states of Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. All probably will be decided by the shift of a few percentage points, and in those states live millions of voters of Eastern European—and German—origin. The Eastern Europeans are largely Catholic, urban and blue collar, and they traditionally vote Democratic. Ford had seemed to be wooing them with some success by emphasizing his rigid opposition to abortion and by playing on fears of Carter's born-again Baptist evangelicalism.

Carter largely failed to exploit Ford's slip during the debate. But next day he called Ford's remarks "absolutely ridiculous," and his staff considered preparing a series of radio commercials to be beamed primarily at ethnic communities. Chortled Carter Political Director Landon Butler: "We couldn't have picked a better ethnic coordinator than Ford."

THE "ETHNIC" REACTION

Ford's statement dumbfounded and dismayed "ethnic" groups. So far, at least, only a minority echoed the charitable view of Boleslaw Wierzbanski, of the *Polish Daily News* in Jersey City, N.J., that the remark was "a lapse of lingua—a slip of the tongue." Added Feliks Gadomski, general secretary of the Assembly of Captive European Nations: "I was shocked by what he said, but you have to judge him on the whole American Government policy."

More common was the view of Aloysius Mazewski, president of the Polish American Congress and the Polish National Alliance: "People can't understand it. They know the President knows better." (After a phone call from Ford, Mazewski said he felt "satisfied" by the President's explanation.) Said Wisconsin State Representative Joseph Czerwinski: "It's something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. Voters are going to question why the fellow sitting in the Oval Office has such an unclear picture of what's going on in Eastern Europe." Casimir Bielen, director of the Ohio division of the Polish American Congress, said: "He has minimized the hopes of people who want freedom." Said Janet

Branden, president of Polanski, the Polish women's cultural organization in Milwaukee: "I was going to vote for Ford. Now I don't know. I feel I can't vote for either one."

THE EXPERTS' VIEW

The Eastern European bloopers aside, Ford gave an adequate performance (see following story). The whole debate was a 90-min slugfest, in which both candidates threw roundhouse punches—a sharp contrast to the first dreary confrontation. But last week's encounter was more style than substance. Both candidates showed something of a box-score mentality, with Carter ticking off the names of the countries he has visited and Ford listing the names of the foreign leaders he has met. Carter greatly overstated America's weaknesses in the world. Ford's inability to put across his Administration's successes or clearly explain its policies dismayed Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who had



spent hours briefing him. Yet Carter had a hard time criticizing those policies, since he agrees basically with most of them, differing largely on style and emphasis.

Many experts gave both candidates low marks. Said Soviet Expert Adam Ulam of Harvard: "Neither one had any feeling for the terribly complex problems we have in dealing with Russia and the Communist countries. Much of the debate was nothing more than posturing." Added Vanderbilt Chancellor Alexander Heard: "Both candidates tended to make debating points in a way that raised doubts about the political-education value of these debates."

Several of the experts were particularly disappointed with Carter. Said Sovietologist Paul Zinner of the University of California at Davis: "He was terribly evasive, terribly moralistic in vague, evangelical terms. His strategy was to go on the offensive against the President, rather than to discuss his own pro-

*The Soviet Union maintains 31 divisions in top combat readiness, consisting of 400,000 men and 9,000 tanks, plus a veritable army of secret agents. Eastern Europe's police forces, not to mention its economies, are also under Moscow control.

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gram or to show the real flaws in Ford's approach." Added Berkeley Political Scientist Nelson Polsby of Carter: "When faced with a problem, he offers you a nostrum, waves it over the diseased limb and then goes away." But Carter had his defenders among the professionals. Said Harvard Government Professor Samuel Huntington: "Carter did show spark and spontaneity, and he did a good job stating the general themes [of his approach to foreign policy], which is about all you can do given the debate format."

THE POPULAR VIEW

CBS-TV estimated that 83 million people saw at least part of the debate, v. 85 million for the first encounter. Because of Carter's style—an obviously nimble mind and a more relaxed, spontaneous delivery than Ford's—he was generally judged, even by some Administration insiders, to be a narrow winner over Ford, who usually appeared self-confident but occasionally sounded tense and irritable. At times Ford looked like an angry lineman glaring at a linebacker whom he was about to obliterate, though he never quite succeeded.

An Associated Press poll of 1,071 voters awarded the debate to Carter by 38.2% to 34.6%. A Burns Roper spot check of 300 people put Carter ahead

DEBATE RATING

On a scale from 0 to 10

FORD CARTER

Poise and presence	6	8
Assertiveness	7	8
Grasp of subject	6	6
Clarity of exposition	6	6
Responsiveness to questions	6	5
Soundness of argument	5	6
Total score	36	39

Chart is result of averaging the ratings of seven senior TIME political correspondents: Bureau Chiefs Hugh Sidney, James Ball, Laurence Barren, Sandra Burton, Benjamin Cole, Jess Cook and National Political Correspondent Robert Agran.

TIME Chart by Paul J. Fugère

by 40% to 30%—almost the exact reverse of a Roper poll after the first debate. Interviews by TIME correspondents indicated that the second debate, like the first, switched few votes—at least for now—though it did help to firm up some support for each candidate.

James Eggleston, 25, a Saint Louis

University law student, thought that Carter benefited mostly "because of the improvement factor—he was so much better than in the first debate." Marie Doyle, 54, associate superintendent of public schools in Jefferson County, Ky., said: "I feel more positive about Carter now. He seemed more relaxed, more responsive. There was a sparkle in his eyes that wasn't there before." Lawyer Steve Meyers, 33, of Santa Monica, Calif., thought Carter "sounded like a leader; Ford sounded whiny and picky." Steven Carpenter, 27, a supervisor at an Indianapolis medical laboratory, complained, "Ford just rested on his laurels."

On the other side, many voters preferred Ford's more stolid style to Carter's sometimes almost smart-alecky behavior. Said David Porter, 31, an unemployed Pittsburgh schoolteacher: "Foreign policy is not a smiling issue." Said Chicago Management Consultant Randy Adams, 32: "I think Ford answered more directly. I don't agree with everything he said, but he answered the questions."

In the aftermath of the debate, Ford's aides were subdued as they came to realize he had not done well enough in the contest that he was supposed to have won because of his two years' experience as President.

THE BATTLE, BLOW BY BLOW

Starting with the very first question, Gerald Ford was on the defensive—and Jimmy Carter on the offensive—for most of the debate. The opening question amounted to Ford's best argument for his foreign policy. New York Times Associate Editor Max Frankel asked Carter what fault he could find with the foreign policy of an Administration that had improved U.S. relations with the Soviet Union and China and promoted steps toward peace in the Middle East and southern Africa.

Sidestepping the question, Carter gave what seemed to be a prepared opening statement, much as John F. Kennedy did in his first debate with Richard Nixon in 1960. Carter criticized Ford for "an absence of leadership." He charged that the U.S. has "become fearful to compete with the Soviet Union on an equal basis." And, in a demagogic overstatement, he claimed that "our country is not strong any more, we're not respected any more." Carter never did make a strong substantive case against the Administration's foreign policy, but he managed to set much of the debate's tone and direction.

This time Carter was not in awe of Ford, and at times seemed deliberately caustic and sarcastic to keep him off balance. When the President claimed that

Carter, referring to Italy, had said he would "look with sympathy" on a Communist government in NATO, the Georgian retorted that the statement was "deliberate distortion." But Carter did once urge that the U.S. maintain friendly relations with Communist leaders in Italy to avoid driving them irrevocably into the Soviet orbit. When Ford cited Portugal's escape from Communist rule as a success for U.S. foreign policy, Carter replied, correctly, that the U.S. still "stuck to the Portugal dictatorships much longer" than other democracies had done. Among the other exchanges between the candidates:

MORALITY

Carter accused the Administration of being insensitive to moral concerns, of "supporting dictatorships [and] ignoring human rights" in its foreign policy, of becoming "the arms merchant of the world." In fact, U.S. sales of weapons overseas increased from \$1 billion in fiscal 1970 to \$11.6 billion in 1974, but they dropped to \$8.4 billion in fiscal 1976. With some hyperbole, Carter also dragged out all the skeletons in the Nixon and Ford administrations' closets—the invasion of Cambodia, the right-wing coup in Chile, the covert support of anti-Communists in Angola, and even

Watergate. Carter is probably holding U.S. foreign policy to an impossibly high standard, one that he would have trouble meeting in a world in which power is still the main arbiter between nations. Ford defended the morality of his policies, citing U.S. efforts to feed the hungry, end the Middle East crisis, and make peace in southern Africa. Said he: "What is more moral than peace? And the U.S. is at peace today."

Carter also laced into Ford and Henry Kissinger for "secret, Lone Ranger-type" diplomacy. Said he: "Every time we've made a serious mistake in foreign affairs, it's been because the American people have been excluded from the process." But he gave little clue as to just how he would include Congress and the public. In his defense, Ford recounted the 60 or so speeches he and Kissinger have made on foreign policy, and Kissinger's 80 appearances before congressional committees. He also mentioned his disclosure to the Senate of every document covering the 1975 Sinai agreement. But he did not mention that he had initially refused to turn over the material, and did so only after the Senate Foreign Relations Committee insisted.

DEFENSE SPENDING

With considerable exaggeration, Ford claimed that Carter's proposed reductions in the defense budget "will not permit the U.S. to be strong enough to deter aggression." Ford charged that

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Carter once proposed a \$15 billion cut but subsequently scaled it down to between \$5 billion and \$7 billion. Next day, Ford said that Carter "wants to speak loudly and carry a fly swatter." Carter denied ever proposing a \$15 billion cut, despite at least two newspaper articles quoting him as having made the recommendation in Beverly Hills, Calif., in March 1975.

Attacking Carter's position that spending can safely be cut by making the military more efficient, Ford cited the calculations of former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, one of the experts who briefed Carter before the debate. According to Ford, Schlesinger reported in 1975 that reducing the budget by even \$3 billion to \$5 billion would require discharging 250,000 servicemen and 100,000 civilian employees, closing 20 military bases, and reducing military research and development and the procurement of new airplanes and ships. But Schlesinger later told TIME that the figures were intended to show the effects of a \$10 billion cut.

Instead of rebutting, Carter tried to score some points by accusing Ford of making "a political football out of the defense budget." He recalled that the President at first considered cutting the Pentagon's budget proposal for fiscal 1977 by \$6.8 billion. By Carter's account, Ford then gradually added back \$6.3 billion for political reasons—\$3 billion after his unpopular dismissal of Schlesinger, \$1.5 billion after Ronald Reagan won the Texas primary and \$1.8 billion on the eve of his narrow victory at the Republican National Convention. Actually, Ford asked for the \$1.5 billion before the Texas primary; the appeal for \$1.8 billion was merely a plea that Congress restore money it had cut from the budget. As Carter noted, however, Administration budget experts have admitted writing a \$3 billion cushion into the budget to soften any cuts.

DÉTENTE

Both candidates had problems with The Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. In saying that "there has been absolutely no progress made toward a new SALT agreement" under Ford, Carter overlooked the 1974 Vladivostok agreement,

which limited each country to 2,400 long-range missiles and heavy bombers.

Ford ducked a question about whether the SALT talks were dragging for domestic political reasons. Privately, high Administration officials express confidence that a SALT treaty will be signed several months after the election no matter who wins, but they figure that any pact agreed to before the election would be condemned in the U.S. as politically motivated.

The President was on very shaky ground in defending the 1975 Helsinki pact, which confirmed the postwar boundaries of Eastern Europe. Carter criticized the Administration for not forcing the Soviets to uphold the agreement's provisions for increased human rights, including freer emigration. Actually, Ford could have cited statistics showing that the Soviets have eased restrictions on emigration and travel. Instead, in something of a cheap shot, he criticized Carter for not supporting an agreement that was signed by 35 nations, including the Vatican. Said Carter: "I'm not criticizing His Holiness the Pope. I was talking about Mr. Ford." At another point, the Georgian got off a sophomoric low blow of his own. When Ford said that the Kennedy and Johnson administrations had low unemployment partly because the U.S. was at war, Carter insinuated that Ford was espousing one of Karl Marx's theories.

MIDDLE EAST

Ford and Carter fell all over themselves in wooing the Jewish vote by vowing all-out support for Israel. The President evoked the name of Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin three times, quoting him as saying that U.S.-Israeli relations have never been better. Carter charged that Ford, in response to oil pressure, has stepped up arms shipments to the Arabs. Not counting shipments to Iran, about 60% of U.S. arms sent to the Middle East went to Israel during the Kennedy-Johnson years; the Israeli share in the past fiscal year was only 45%—not 40%, as Carter claimed. The reason is that, although U.S. arms shipments to Israel have increased in recent years, sales to the Arab countries have risen even faster. Carter erred in saying that

when sales to Iran are included, the Israeli share drops to 20%; it is actually 34%. He was also mistaken in saying that Saudi Arabia and Iran are each buying \$7.5 billion in U.S. arms; in fact, the Saudis are buying \$6.4 billion worth. Said Carter: "There ought to be a clear, unequivocal [U.S.] commitment, without change, to Israel."

The President countered that under his Administration the U.S. has sent Israel more than \$4 billion in military hardware, 45% of the total U.S. economic and military aid to the country since it became independent in 1948. Ford was also stung by Carter's claim that the Administration has tacitly accepted the Arab boycott of U.S. firms that have Jewish executives or do business with Israel. He denied the charge, then suddenly announced that the Commerce Department would disclose the names of the U.S. firms that have escaped the boycott by refusing to trade with Israel. The announcement caused consternation both in the board rooms of the companies involved and at the Commerce Department, which was not prepared to release the list.

The Commerce Department, since October 1975, has required U.S. companies to state how they have responded to the boycott; according to the most recent report, 894 firms said they had contacts with the Arabs as of March 31, and most reported they would comply with the boycott. To avoid antagonizing the Arabs or angering the U.S. businessmen involved, the Administration has been notably reluctant to combat the boycott. Ford boasted in the debate that the tax reform bill he signed recently includes tax penalties for firms that observe the boycott, but he did not mention that the Administration had tried to persuade Congress to drop that provision from the bill. The day after the debate Ford went back on the promise to release the list and lamely ordered publication only of the names of firms that go along with the boycott "in the future."

PANAMA

Carter's hard-line, almost Reaganite position on the Panama Canal shocked many liberals. Said he: "I would never

FORD CONFERRING WITH KISSINGER



CARTER TALKING WITH SCHLESINGER



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give up complete control or practical control of the Panama Canal Zone." He would be willing to "share more fully the responsibilities" for the canal with Panama and he might "reduce to some degree our military emplacements" in the zone. Thus Carter seemed to rule out eventually turning over the canal to Panama, the goal toward which the Ford Administration's negotiations are aimed.

Panamanians were furious. Moreover, Carter's position ran counter to his promise to improve U.S. relations with Latin American countries, which, for the most part, regard the zone as a distasteful vestige of U.S. imperialism. At a lunch with Latin American diplomats the next day, Kissinger went out of his way to reassure them that Ford's policy on the canal has not changed.

MAYAGUEZ

Ford vigorously defended his quick and forceful use of the Marines, Air Force and Navy to rescue the U.S. container ship *Mayaguez* and her 40-man crew from the Cambodians in May 1975. On the eve of the debate, the General Accounting Office issued a report suggesting that the mission, which cost 41 American lives, was unnecessary because diplomatic efforts might have accomplished the same ends without bloodshed. The President angrily described the report's authors as "grandstand quarterbacks" and said, with considerable justification, that he would have been "criticized very, very severely for sitting back and not moving."

The timing of the report's release by the congressional watchdog agency seemed intended to help Carter, but he ducked the issue—probably wisely, because the rescue mission was highly popular. He faulted Ford only for not releasing all the information that he had about the incident immediately after the ship and crew were rescued. Said Carter: "The President has an obligation to tell the American people the truth and not wait 18 months later for the report to be issued." Actually, there was little in the report that had not already been disclosed by the Administration.

NUCLEAR PROLIFERATION

Both candidates oppose the fear-some spread of nuclear weapons. But their discussion degenerated into a petty argument about who had pushed the issue first. Carter said he had this past May when he proposed a moratorium on the testing of nuclear devices. Ford claimed that he had taken the initiative in May 1975 when he called for a conference of nuclear suppliers, which has so far met six times. But Carter's chiding of Ford for not using his influence to stop the sale of nuclear fuel reprocessing plants by Germany and France to Brazil and Pakistan was a point well taken.

Even though the candidates were concerned with scoring debating points,

last week's confrontation at least gave the broad outline of an answer to the question that was uppermost in most viewers' minds: How would a Carter Administration's foreign policy differ from Ford's? The answer seemed to be that, aside from some changes in nuance and emphasis—for example, Carter would probably give a higher priority to strengthening relations with traditional

allies—U.S. foreign policy would be basically unchanged. Such crucial factors as judgment, temper, coolness under pressure could, of course, only be speculated about. But after the debate, many people now involved in formulating the Ford foreign policy concluded that almost anything they do not like about Carter's views could probably be set right by a little on-the-job experience.



FRENCH CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF CARTER-V. FORD CAMPAIGN TACTICS

OVERSEAS: SOFT CHEER FOR FORD

After Gerald Ford goofed in last week's debates, asserting that "there is no Soviet domination of Eastern Europe," eyebrows shot up throughout Western Europe. A small group of Britons, watching a tape of the debates in London, guffawed at the remark, not believing their ears. West Germany's respected *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* commented that such a statement "cannot but make our hair stand on end."

Despite Ford's gaffe and Carter's extensive talk about the need for "morality" in U.S. foreign policy (a concern which pragmatic Europeans have little patience for the race is widely viewed as a personality contest between two competent, but certainly not dazzling, politicians who scarcely differ in their approach to key issues. Most Western and Japanese political leaders are softly cheering for Ford. His main attraction: being a known quantity, v. the relatively unknown Jimmy Carter. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt makes it a point to note privately that Ford has "grown" into the presidency and is much more intelligent and decisive than is popularly thought. But the West Germans also regard Carter as a highly competent, tough and intelligent politician, and are pleased that he has tempered his earlier cries for cuts in the defense budget—a very sensitive matter to the NATO country facing the most

threatening Warsaw Pact troops. European officials, moreover, have long known and trusted a number of Carter's foreign affairs advisers, like Cyrus Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski.

Only the Italians, of all West Europeans, feel that they will be affected by the outcome of the U.S. election. Because Ford has very strongly opposed Communist Party participation in an Italian government, his election is favored by the Christian Democrats, who have ruled Italy since the end of World War II. The Communists, and those favoring an increased role for them in government, are rooting for Carter. Rightly or wrongly, they are convinced that he will be more "flexible" than Ford on the issue of Communist participation.

In the volatile Middle East, both Egypt and Israel seem reluctant to see a change in the White House. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, in an interview last week with ABC Deboutante Barbara Walters, declared that "Ford is my dearest friend... If he is re-elected, it will be a very happy occasion for me." The Egyptian leader was obviously thinking of the Ford-Kissinger policies that have enabled Cairo to recover much of the Sinai Desert and its valuable oilfields from Israel.

Jerusalem is relishing the spectacle of both candidates trying to outdo each

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Friends seem to be delighted with it. Not only do they find Egghead brunches fun, they like the idea of having a pleasurable drink of some substance.

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other in public pledges of support for Israel. Foreign Minister Yigal Allon, after watching the debates on TV in New York, only half-jested: "I don't know if Ford or Carter won. All I know is that Israel won." Despite the insistence that it has no preference in the race, the administration of Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin is believed to favor the incumbent. Familiarity is again the reason.

Because Moscow is highly allergic to surprises in its relations with Washington, it, too, slightly favors familiar Jerry Ford. Moscow has sniped at Carter, charging him with violating the "spirit of Helsinki" because he has urged the U.S. to use economic pressure against the Soviets. In reporting last week's debate, *Pravda* complained that Carter attacked Ford for "softness" in

dealing with the U.S.S.R., while "pursuing the policy of détente." Ford's performance also came in for criticism: the party daily charged that he "did not contribute to a relaxation of tensions" by urging that the U.S. bargain with Moscow from a "position of strength."

The Chinese seem ambivalent about the U.S. election. For them, the key criterion by which to judge a U.S. President is: Where does he stand in the Sino-Soviet dispute? While Carter's advocacy of a tougher policy toward Moscow clearly pleases the Chinese, they know almost nothing else about him. Ford apparently has failed to impress them, and Peking accuses him of having a "Munich mentality." Translation: Ford has been too concerned about improving U.S. relations with Moscow.

BUTZ signs marched outside the White House, the Secretary walked in on Monday to see the President alone. Though Ford had been offended by the non-joke, he still felt sympathy for Butz, whom he does not consider a bigot. Butz was close to breaking down. Said he later: "[The President] should have kicked me right in the pants. Instead, he put his arm around me."

Red-eyed, Butz emerged to tell newsmen that the use of a racial jibe did not reflect his real attitude. Resigning, said Butz, "is the price I pay for a gross indiscretion in a private conversation." Half an hour later, Ford said that "Earl Butz has been and continues to be a close personal friend and a man who loves his country and all it represents." Accepting the resignation of "this good and decent man," Ford declared, had been "one of the saddest decisions of my presidency."

And so it was done—but badly, and too late. By hesitating, Ford angered many Americans, black and white alike. He seemed to be giving in to pressure, including Carter's—hardly helpful to a man who is running as a strong leader. The incident also evoked images of Washington folderol—the ole-boy network of Republican cronies sticking together. Worried one top Ford aide when

EXIT EARL, NOT LAUGHING

En route to help dedicate a screw-worm eradication plant in Mexico, Earl Butz took a plane to California just after the Republican National Convention in Kansas City. He could have flown either Continental or TWA, but his aide, Roger Knapp, chose TWA. In the first-class compartment, the Agriculture Secretary spied Singers Pat Boone and Sonny Bono, and John Dean, the former White House counsel who had blown the whistle on Richard Nixon and had just worked the convention as a writer for *Rolling Stone*. A gregarious man who likes to flaunt his snappy country—and often barnyard—sense of humor, Butz, 67, wandered over to make idle conversation, after Knapp had warned him that Dean was now a reporter.

Butz started by telling a dirty joke involving intercourse between a dog and a skunk. When the conversation turned to politics, Boone, a right-wing Republican, asked Butz why the party of Lincoln was not able to attract more blacks. The Secretary responded with a line so obscene and insulting to blacks that it forced him out of the Cabinet last week and jolted the whole Ford campaign. Butz said that "the only thing the coloreds are looking for in life are tight p—, loose shoes and a warm place to s—."

After some indecision, Dean used the line in *Rolling Stone*, attributing it to an unnamed Cabinet officer. But *New Times* magazine enterprisingly sleuthed out Butz's identity by checking the itineraries of all Cabinet members. The publication informed the Secretary's office on Tuesday, Sept. 28, that it was planning to print his name. Butz mulled over the problem until Thursday, before tipping off the White House. On Friday morning he found him-

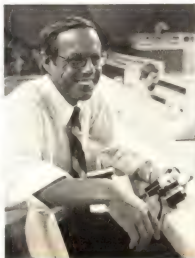
self on the carpet in front of an exasperated Gerald Ford.

The President did not fire Butz then and there in part because Butz claimed, incorrectly, that he had been quoted out of context and that he had actually said something like "Things have come a long way since the days when a ward politician could say..." before delivering his bomb. Moreover, Ford hates to make decisions under pressure. More important, he is genuinely fond of the Secretary. ("We think alike," the President once said. "I love to work with him.") Not least of all, Ford was afraid that firing Butz would hurt his election chances in the key farm states.

Ford left it up to Butz whether or not to resign. Not only Jimmy Carter but a chorus of Republicans began calling for Butz's head. After praying "over what to do," Butz sat down on Sunday morning and wrote out his resignation.

While pickets carrying KICK

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BUTZ & BOSSY BEFORE THE BLUNDER



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Parker makes 154 different types and styles of writing instruments. These are available in fine stores in gold, silver, and other durable materials. Shown above are the slender Parker Classic ball pen in 22K gold electroplate at \$13.50, and the substantial Parker 75 ball pen in solid sterling silver at \$17.50.

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1. The distinctive Parker grid design was inspired by a leading London silversmith. Carved deeply into the case by a precise sequence of beveled cuts, the design is found on all sterling silver Classic and 75 ball pens, fountain pens and soft tip pens. The result is a metal sculpture that provides dozens of finger-fitting treads for easy, certain grip.



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4. How well a ball pen writes depends as much on the ball socket as on the ball itself. If the tip of this nose-cone isn't strong enough, it will rub against the ball. Result: blobbing. Also, if the socket wears or corrodes, you will get an uneven, "goopy" kind of writing. The Parker ball socket is extremely tough, corrosion-resistant stainless steel. It must be this durable because the Parker ball pen writes months longer than the ordinary ballpoint and the socket has to stand up throughout all that extra writing life.



5. Like a fountain pen for writing with flow and character? Remember, the nib is the sensor of the fountain pen. For a smooth feel and even ink flow, it must have some flexibility. The Parker 75 nib is solid 14K gold. Gold has the flexibility and resilience necessary and resists corrosion.

6. Good as gold is for a nib, it would wear down in short order if it came in contact with the paper, a natural abrasive. This would cause a scratchy feel and uneven ink delivery. So the Parker 75 nib is tipped with a tiny pellet. This pellet is an incredibly tough alloy of ruthenium and platinum

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7. Soft tip points can let you down. All too often they grow limp or splay. The Parker point is made of strong, individual strands of nylon bonded together by a specific trace of epoxy glue.

8. A Parker even sounds different. When the cap snaps together with the working end, a positive clutch is engaged. This marnes the two parts very firmly. The sound, in miniature, is not unlike the authoritative "thunk" made by closing the door of a fine sports car.

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THE NATION

it was finished. "I'm afraid some people will start wondering how straight a guy, how nice a fellow the President really is." Appearing at the University of Southern California last week, Ford was ridiculed by some students. When Ford began a sentence with the words, "The greatest danger I see in America today," someone in the crowd yelled, "is tight shoes!"

There was no immediate indication that Ford's firing of Butz would hurt him badly in the Midwest, although some farmers were angry—particularly the big operators who had benefited most from the Secretary's policies, since early 1973, of encouraging production and pushing exports of farm surpluses. During his five years in office, Butz helped increase the farmers' net income by 60%. Allan Grant, president of the conservative American Farm Bureau Federation (2.4 million members), bemoaned Butz's resignation, calling him the best Secretary of Agriculture

in the nation's history. But many farmers with small spreads were not at all sad to see Butz go. They claimed that he favored the big producers and agribusiness.

In mid-1972 Butz was city-slickered by the Kremlin. The Soviets, dealing secretly with private companies and paying bargain rates for grain exports that were then subsidized by the Government, bought up 25% of the U.S. wheat crop, plus massive quantities of corn and soybeans. A Senate subcommittee charged Butz's department with "inept management" and "total lack of planning" in overseeing the deals. The resulting domestic food shortage—along with other factors—helped drive up retail food prices 20% in 1973.

Butz survived his jousts with consumers, environmentalists and what he called the "striped-pants boys" in the State Department. He lived down the upsurge from many Catholics, notably

Italian Americans, after he cracked in 1974 that the Pope should not oppose birth-control programs because "he no play-a da game, he no make-a da rules." But when he tried to impress John Dean and Pat Boone, it was Earl's last laugh.

While cleaning out his big, airy corner office, Butz chatted with *TIME* Correspondent Jerry Hannifin. Two ears of golden Iowa corn—a present from an admirer—glowed on his desk, and the horse collar he brought with him to Washington five years ago still hung on the wall, a reminder of his years of plowing fields as a boy on a 160-acre farm in Noble County, Ind. Said he: "I've paid a tremendous price. I'm going back to Purdue, where I studied and taught. I'm going to be an adjunct professor of some sort, talk to students, make speeches... You know, I don't know how many times I told that joke, and everywhere—political groups, church groups—nobody took offense, and nobody should. I like humor. I'm human."

AMERICAN SCENE

GRAND RAPIDS AS CHARACTER WITNESS

As the Democrats are attempting to make an issue of Gerald Ford's probity, the community that helped shape him stands as a kind of character witness. Just as Plains, Ga. (pop. 683), is typical of the Deep South, small-town style, Grand Rapids, Mich. (pop. 195,000), epitomizes many of the enduring qualities that typify the Midwest. *TIME* Detroit Bureau Chief Edwin Reingold visited Grand Rapids, while White House Correspondent Strobe Talbott talked with Ford's

friends from his home town on the White House staff. Their report:

The staff at Grand Rapids' solid old Pantlind hotel is buzzing with excitement because the Secret Service agents are coming to check it out for Jerry Ford's visit. He plans to stay there when he returns to vote on Election Day. In the hotel coffee shop, a visitor can buy a religious record or a book of Bible stories—or a tumbler emblazoned with Ford's

image Route 131, which cuts through downtown, was christened the Gerald R. Ford Freeway in 1975, and the President's name also adorns the gym at the Grand Rapids Community College. Despite the uproar over Ford's alleged campaign fund manipulations, his supporters in Grand Rapids shrugged off the charges and were hanging tough with their hero. In the heart of the city, Republican women work a phone bank—they expect to make 50,000 calls by Election Day—under a banner identifying them as "Jerry's Angels." Croons one: "We don't have any trouble getting volunteers. People walk in off the street. Everybody knows Jerry Ford."

Indeed everybody does, although he and Betty have not lived in Michigan's second city in almost 28 years. Some old-timers remember him as the tow-headed youngster who played center on the South High football team. Others recall him as the industrious fellow earning \$2 a week plus lunches waiting on tables during the Depression. Mrs. Ella Koeze Weed, an early supporter of Ford's, recalls his boldness: he dared to importune her with the risqué wolf whistle. "I used to think, 'Well, that big kid in the dirty coveralls has a nerve—whistling at me like that!'"

During his 25 years in Congress representing western Michigan's Fifth District, which includes Grand Rapids, Ford kept in close touch through frequent trips home. "Sometimes he would give a breakfast speech and then fly to Washington for a crucial vote and return for an evening meeting," recalls Maury DeJonge, a newspaperman who has covered Ford for many years. Many summers Ford spent two weeks crisscrossing his district in a trailer to talk

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And somewhere in this desolate jumble of earthquake debris, lava flows, sand dunes and salt flats—the hottest, driest hole in the Western Hemisphere—is hidden a case of the wettest whisky in 87 lands: Canadian Club. If you're up to the adventure, you might try to find it.

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Survival Hints**

Your Route to the Treasure:

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There's just two cooks allowed in Pearl's kitchen, darlin's, me and this handsome devil by White-Westinghouse.

It takes two to broil right.

Only White-Westinghouse gives you two broiling elements — one above and one below — so you sear both sides at once and never have to turn the meat over. It's called a No-Turn Speed Broil.[®] You just slide the middle element in when you want it and take it out when you're baking or roasting.

It's got fast broil for steaks and slow broil for chicken.

You just turn the knobs to speed it up for steaks, or say you want slow-cooked chicken, then you turn 'em down to a lower temperature and the smart rascals cycle off and on to let the meat cook through.

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THE NATION

with home folks. He was regarded as an effective Congressman, though he seldom bagged rich federal projects for his district. His straight-shooting constituents would have thought it a bit wasteful if he had done more.

While he was House minority leader, the National Endowment for the Arts helped bankroll a huge Alexander Calder stabile, which was erected in front of city hall and appears in many renditions—of widely varying artistic quality—on everything from sanitation trucks to official city stationery.

Since he has become President, Ford has visited Grand Rapids only twice. But the Fords keep in close touch with old friends, and Betty has said that she wants to return there to live when Jerry leaves politics. They often lure their old friends to Washington with invitations to state dinners or overnight stays at the White House. He also shows Grand Rapids pals with White House souvenirs—pens, paperweights, letters. Remembering that Mrs. Arthur Brown, wife of one of his former high school teammates, collects elephant figurines, Ford brought her one made of soapstone from his visit to China last year.

For his White House staff, Ford recruited two Grand Rapids cronies: Philip Buchen, presidential counsel, and William Seidman, executive director of the White House Economic Policy Board. Both believe that the President's attitudes and philosophy were molded by his growing up in Grand Rapids, then as now a staunchly conservative, middle-class community that valued hard work, private property and free enterprise.

Seidman feels that the President's economic views were shaped by his home town. "Grand Rapids is not a one-company town," he explains. "It's a town of diversified, relatively small industries. The President's own views on the business world tend to emphasize maximum participation and control by lots of people rather than absentee management and big business. When the President says that America's third century should be the century of the individual, he is talking about Grand Rapids."

Built straddling a fast-flowing stretch of the Grand River, the city is a homey hodgepodge of old-fashioned, squarish buildings and shiny new glass structures, the product of urban renewal projects. Grand Rapids is an amalgam of ethnic neighborhoods: The Dutch, who began arriving in about 1840, hammered together their frame houses on high ground and scrubbed them to a shine. On the other side of the river, the Poles, who arrived at about the same time, made their home and built Catholic churches. The Lithuanians settled in the northeast, the Italians in the south-central section, and far to the south lived the blacks.

Originally the city's economy was built almost exclusively on furniture



DOWNTOWN GRAND RAPIDS WITH PANTLIND HOTEL IN BACKGROUND;
INSET: HOUSE WHERE FORD LIVED WHEN HE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL

making by nimble-fingered Dutchmen. Hardwood logs were floated down the river from Michigan's great forests of oak and maple. Later, General Motors put up three metalworking plants in the city, and employment diversified. Yet Grand Rapids has remained a stronghold of the small businessman and artisan. Most of the 38 wood-furniture plants are relatively small; Baker Furniture Co., the biggest, employs only 464 people. Some 375 manufacturing firms have fewer than ten workers each.

Grand Rapids remains predominantly Calvinistic, and white, with non-whites comprising 11% of the population. There is a distinct attitude of tolerance. The present mayor, Abe Drasin, is a Jew; his predecessor was a black. Says Drasin, as he gazes from his office in Vandenberg Center: "This is a city of contrasts. It is a bastion of the radical right, and yet there is a substantial liberal population." Lyndon Johnson, for example, took 57% of the vote in 1964, v. 43% for Barry Goldwater. In 1972 Richard Nixon beat George McGovern by almost exactly the same margin. All the while, Ford kept his seat with majorities of 60% or more. Even so, Jerry Ford's successor in Congress is a Democrat, Richard Vander Veen.

Typically, the city has a growing blight of porn shops and very blue movies. Parts of the black ghetto are spreading into decaying white neighborhoods, and unemployment is high among the city's Latinos and blacks. Yet Grand Rapids also boasts cultural accoutrements that would be the envy of many a larger city: a fine symphony orchestra, directed by Spanish-born Theo Alcantara, a ballet troupe and a civic theater. Jerry and Betty Ford buy season tickets, but they are used by his half

brothers, Jim, an optometrist, and Richard, who works as manager for the Ford Paint and Varnish Co., which the Ford family sold to Standard Detroit Paint Co. in 1970.

Grand Rapids is the home of several colleges, including Calvin College, mecca of Christian Reformed scholarship. There are almost more churches than anyone can count (479 Protestant, 42 Catholic and two synagogues). One stanza of a song glorifying Grand Rapids rhapsodizes:

*Sunday morning bright and early
Streets of maple, oak and birch
Populate themselves with people
On their quiet way to church*

Among Grand Rapids residents, perhaps the most frequently heard praise of the city is that it is a good place to work, bring up children and get an education. Under a voluntary integration plan, which is going fairly smoothly, some 2,000 to 3,000 of 30,000 children are bused to achieve integration. Though 29% of the children are black, all but six of the 51 elementary schools are well integrated. There is a special school for highly talented kids, an environmentally focused school at the zoo, a high school completion program in which 12,000 people are enrolled. Says Superintendent Philip Runkel: "Programs like this turn alienation around."

Lutheran Martin Marty, an associate editor of the *Christian Century*, attributes the city's equanimity to a special combination of poise and pride. "Grand Rapids chic is not worrying about what New Yorkers think chic is, and not talking about it, hoping and knowing it will soon go away," he writes. "Grand Rapids chic is not knowing that anyone else cares about chic."

Meanwhile, Hot Races Back Home

Although the presidential struggle dominates the nightly newscasts and absorbs the most printer's ink, for millions of Americans the elections that have the greatest impact on their daily lives are the ones that are taking place right around home. The sheriff, the mayor, the Congressman, the Governor often seem so much better positioned to deal effectively with problems than does the monarchist that either Jimmy Carter or Gerald Ford will try to grapple with for the next four years. Last week, from posh hotels in Beverly Hills, empty lots in grimy, big-city ghettos, street corners in Brooklyn, and general stores in small towns like Black Berry, W. Va., the voices of these politi-

cians were heard in the land. Millions of the words are broadcast and printed each day, but after Viet Nam, Watergate and years of governmental corruption, the American electorate in campaign year 1976 is not satisfied with words. Millions of people have tuned out completely. But the earnest and concerned Americans who will turn out on Nov. 2 to choose not only the next President, but also 14 Governors, 33 Senators, 435 Congressmen and a host of lesser officials are scrutinizing the candidates minutely and demanding, above all else, trustworthiness.

How they will make their assessments is impossible to determine—maddeningly

so for the candidates and their image makers. But in contest after contest, it is plain that party affiliation and positions on all but a few emotional issues (labor, busing, gun control) are of less concern to most voters than their general perception of the candidates' honesty and integrity. In races in which one candidate has been brushed by scandal—no matter how lightly—polls indicate an impending defeat, generally a had one.

As the long campaign nears the finish line in every state, city and hamlet, TIME correspondents have found a plethora of hot races and intriguing, more or less new faces. Some of the more fascinating in each category:

If the script is implausible, the casting is more so. Tony, tall and suave young Democrat vs. saucy, short and blunt old Republican Young Democrat with twelve years' experience in elective office, old Republican with none. In the race between the Democratic transplanted Easterner and the Japanese-American-immigrant Republican, charges of racism are hurled—at the immigrant, Young Democrat is generally somber-suited, dark-tied, prim and proper. His opponent's jaunty tam o'shanter has become a symbol for the unconventionality he savors in both dress and speech. It could happen only in California, and whether the voters will opt for slight quirkiness or substantial blandness in the final scene may not be known until late at night on Nov. 2.

The stars of this production are John Tunney, 42, the able if cautious incumbent who possesses the second most dazzling set of teeth in politics, and S.I.

Hayakawa, 70, the incautious anti-establishmentarian, whose thin mustache appears to be a reluctant concession to the hairy types he used to do battle with on the San Francisco State College campus, where he was president during the strife-torn late '60s. In campaign appearances, the too earnest Tunney has an answer to every question, often couched in the type of Senate-ese that Semanticist Hayakawa believes the voters no longer even try to understand.

In contrast, Hayakawa frequently admits he does not know the answers to questions that are put to him—and does not care. Asked about a California ballot proposition to legalize greyhound racing, Hayakawa snapped: "I don't give a good goddam about greyhounds. I can't think of anything that interests me less." He told another audience, "U.S. Senators don't know everything. For every damn Senator, there are 57

subjects they don't know a damn thing about." Such political humanizing goes down well, but it may have its limitations. The Tunney camp is confident that flip responses to serious questions will sooner or later turn off voters now turned on by Hayakawa's insouciance.

For Tunney, a three-term Congressman who ousted Tap Dancer George Murphy from the Senate six years ago, his impressive record should be more of an asset than it apparently is. A Congressional Research Service study shows that he sponsored more Senate bills that became law—38—than any other freshman elected in 1970. It was his amendment that cut off secret U.S. funds for the war in Angola, much to the anger of Henry Kissinger, who had urged the defeat of Soviet influence there. But Tunney is handicapped by fund raising difficulties caused by legal limitations on large donors and a lukewarm attitude toward him on the part of many small contributors, whereas Hayakawa's constituency is nothing if not enthusiastic. The aftermath of a bitter primary battle with former Peace Activist Tom Hayden (whose followers occasionally boo Tunney at rallies) still hurts. Hayden's depiction of Tunney as a "Chappaquiddick waiting to happen" and suggestions of frivolity on skiing trips with Ted Kennedy handicap Tunney—as does the fact that he was divorced during his first term. Most troublesome: his own personality. To some, Tunney's Ivy League accent comes through as an affectation—ersatz Kennedy. At times his style borders on the strident. Many hip college students, even though they may approve his strong anti-Viet Nam War stance and his Angola Amendment, sense something phony about him.

Hayakawa still benefits from the position he took against campus demonstrators. Hecklers who showed up at a rally last week chanting, "Never forgive, never forget, Racist Hayakawa,"

California



Hayakawa v. Tunney



we'll get you yet!" only reawaken memories of when he climbed up on a sound truck and cut off the amplifier used by student demonstrators.

Tunney tries to fan the racist charge, scoring Hayakawa's defense of the World War II internment of Japanese nationals as "the best thing that ever happened . . . because it forced them out of their segregated existence." The G.O.P. candidate also has been ambivalent toward legislation affecting the Arab boycott of Jewish-dominated corporations and is strongly committed to minority group assimilation, all of which, to Tunney, makes Hayakawa "irresponsible and elitist." Retorts Campaign Manager Dick Woodward: "Call-

ing a Japanese immigrant who was barred from citizenship until 1954 (after immigration laws were changed) a racist is insulting voter intelligence." Says Hayakawa: "The point is to make achievements so that race doesn't make any difference."

Tunney is campaigning hard. He carries Hayakawa statements on 3-in. by 5-in. index cards, is forcing the Republican to take stands on issues that he says will show that "the word magician will turn out to be the artist of doubletalk." He often hits three cities in a single day. For his part, Hayakawa tries to ignore Tunney: "I want to stand on my own merits. Let others talk about

his character. I go out and meet the people. What more is there?"

In Tunney's view, there is a great deal more, including an expanding group of voters doubtful that the Senate is the place for a man who boasts of his indifference to a variety of issues. A recent California poll showed Tunney narrowly ahead with 44% of the vote to Hayakawa's 39%, and 17% undecided. If the Democratic left wing that backed Hayden comes to the conclusion Hayden himself has reached, that Tunney is the lesser of two evils, the Democrat will probably retain his seat. But since so many surprise endings have been scripted in California, hardly anyone is leaving before the final scene.

New York



Buckley v. Moynihan

One candidate looks like a small-town professor, vintage 1956: the haircut is modified crew, the clothes drab and slightly ill-fitting, the rhetoric sparing and precise. The other candidate actually is a professor, but with his practiced flamboyance, a wardrobe of elegant mismatches and a manner that oscillates from pixie to pedagogue and back within a 60-second monologue, he comes across more like a ripe character actor in search of his next role. The contrast is appropriate because rarely do voters get a chance to choose between candidates for the Senate—or any other office—who differ so clearly in persona and policy as New York Senator James Buckley and his Democratic challenger, Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

Buckley, 53, grew up a rich man's woodsy son who preferred bird watching to baseball. As a youngster he considered ornithology as a career and as a Yale undergraduate he kept a boa constrictor for company. But after Yale Law School he ended up a vice president of his family's oil-exploration business, where he indulged his love of travel (vis-

iting both polar regions) and his interest in environmental problems.

Like his famous younger brother, polymath Polemicist William F. Buckley Jr., Jim always stood far to the right politically. But he did not get into politics until the late 60s, when the New York Conservative Party—a predominantly Catholic faction that had sprouted from right-wing disgust with the liberal leanings of both major parties in the state—began to make waves. In 1968, without having given a formal public speech in 17 years, he took his castle-Irish dignity and shy grin into the Senate campaign. To everyone's surprise, he rolled up 17% of the vote.

Two years later, when both Democrats and Republicans again nominated liberals, Buckley won 39% and a ticket to Washington. The Republicans took him back, but on his own independent terms. Whether being ahead of the pack in calling for Richard Nixon's resignation or as a stubborn opponent of federal aid sought by Northeastern Republicans, Buckley went his own way.

Moynihan, 49, came out of a bro-

ken home and Irish poverty in Hell's Kitchen. Thanks to City College, Tufts and the London School of Economics, Moynihan propelled himself into an episodic academic career (Syracuse University, Harvard) that he constantly interrupts by sprints down the corridors of power. No subject—traffic safety, crime, black mores, welfare reform, the future of democracy—is beyond his ken or pen. Always a Democrat, he has fraternized with the party's reform and regular factions in New York just as he has served with equal panache each President—Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford—who offered to employ him.

Whether at a small dinner party or a formal campaign appearance, Moynihan is always on. Inflection and voice register change like a barometer in the monsoon season. Two long index fingers simultaneously punch holes in the issue of the moment. Or he puts on his leprechaun's phiz to explain pragmatism with a parable from *Gulliver's Travels*, recalling the Lilliputians who signified political faction by the height of heels and others who fought over opening the big end or the little end of a boiled egg. "Happy is the political society," he concludes with obvious delight, "whose issues are in fact adjustable: as is the height of a heel."

That Moynihan himself may appear too adjustable, depending on the prevailing breeze, has provided Buckley with some ammunition. The Senator only hints at the point, but Campaign Manager Len Saffir calls Moynihan a "phony and an opportunist," and says that last year he "clearly used the United Nations as a forum" for personal political motives.

Moynihan certainly turned himself into something of a national hero (and did wonders with the Jewish vote) by his spectacular stands in defense of Israel and in defiance of left-wing totalitarian assaults on the West. But he argues that he told President Ford he planned to stay on, and that he would have remained had he not fallen afoul of Henry Kissinger, who disapproved of his too independent line. After resign-

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ing from his U.N. post, Moynihan returned to Harvard, where for four months he pondered a political run. Centrist party leaders courted Moynihan for two reasons: they thought he was best able to retire Buckley and enrich New York's anemic influence in Congress. The strategy seems sound. For one thing, Moynihan, as a Catholic who attends Mass regularly at Manhattan's St. Ignatius Loyola Church and who understands how middle-income families feel about social issues, could lure back white ethnics who helped elect Buckley in 1970.

Abortion provides a significant contrast between the candidates. Both oppose abortion on demand. But Buckley is a champion of the Right to Life movement and author of a proposed constitutional amendment that would severely restrict abortion. Moynihan is against

any such amendment, arguing that it would be "coercion" of one group by another. "We are in a post-Constantinian church," he says. "We really cannot expect our moral code to be translated into the legal code."

The clearest clash, however, is over bread and butter. Unlike Buckley, Moynihan favors a federal takeover of welfare, passage of a national health-insurance bill and enactment of other measures necessary to help the economically distressed Northeast. He accuses Buckley of abandoning New York State's economic interests for the sake of antiquated conservative principle.

Buckley argues that Moynihan "believes in a federal solution for every problem," and that "for the past 25 years we have been witnessing an almost reckless movement of authority

away from local communities, where voters and taxpayers have some degree of control over what happens, to Washington." The economy will improve, he says, when federal spending and taxes are brought under sufficient control to encourage private investment. Meanwhile, he favors a number of innovative ideas—like factoring inflation into the income tax code—to protect families of modest means. Says Buckley: "I'm the person looking out for the interests of the taxpayer and the wage earner. If people want a change, they should vote for me."

Going into the campaign's final weeks, it appeared that New Yorkers did not quite see the choice in Buckley's terms. Moynihan seemed to be holding on to a modest lead that would allow him to add a new entry to his lengthy résumé.

Pennsylvania



Heinz v. Green



The next junior Senator from Pennsylvania will be only 38 when he takes the oath. He is attractive in a wholesome way; his wife and three children look swell on campaign brochures. His bloodlines are important enough for him to rate a dynastic III after his name. With experience in the House and a reputation for being bright and ambitious, he will have an edge over other freshmen Senators in competing for Capitol Hill influence and national attention.

No tarot cards are necessary to make these predictions. The description fits both Democratic Congressman William J. (for Joseph) Green III and Republican Congressman H. (for Henry) John Heinz III, now locked in a close and increasingly bitter contest for the seat of retiring Minority Leader Hugh Scott. Each combatant finds the circumstantial similarities irksome as he tries to establish his own independent identity. In fact, there is no shortage of dif-

ferences in personality or policy.

Heinz is a multimillionaire at birth, thanks to the food-processing empire built by his antecedents—he calls it "that little pickleworks down in Pittsburgh." He has diplomas, manners and diction from Exeter, Yale and Harvard Business School. He does wondrous things on ski slopes, plays hand tennis and jogs two miles almost daily. On learning that a new campaign adviser had once been a competitive swimmer, Competitor Heinz's first reaction was a challenge: "I bet I could beat you if we went just one lap." Heinz is also a picky employer who has problems with his staff. After the spring primary he replaced his pollster, TV adviser and campaign manager. Last month he fired his new campaign manager.

Though touchy about references to his wealth—he spends large amounts of his own money in his election campaigns—Heinz has a knack with voters

Munching pungent Polish sausage (heavy on the onion sauce) at a county fair, he can talk knowingly about the fine points of a champion steer because he has done some gentleman farming. In the predominantly Democratic Pittsburgh district that has elected him three times, Heinz, an Episcopalian, gets on well with blue-collar ethnic families. He de-emphasizes the G.O.P. label and tries to come across as an independent who cares enough about working-class problems to vote occasionally against Republican Administration positions. Two weeks ago, for instance, he voted to override President Ford's veto of the \$56 billion HFW appropriation bill.

At the other end of the state, Bill Green inherited public office rather than money. His father both sat in Congress and stood astride the Philadelphia Democratic machine. After the elder Green died 13 years ago, young Bill dropped out of Villanova Law School and became the youngest member of Congress by virtue of a special election. He earned his degree years later, but still has not taken the bar examination. His style reminds people of Ted Kennedy and, like Kennedy, he still dresses in white shirts and blue suits, as if he must reaffirm his lace-curtain status.

Heaven to Green is a lazy weekend with his family at their old house on the Jersey shore, or a long night of political gab during which the Budweiser empties and Marlboro stubs pile up along with the jokes and tales. He does fine impersonations of both allies and adversaries, including an excellent rendition of Heinz's pear-shaped, pre-school enunciation. Barney aside, Green is a heavyweight both on the stump and in Congress. Before a union audience in Allentown's Fearless Fire Hall recently, Green literally rattled the crockery by smacking the lectern repeatedly. "I come from where you come from," he told the local labor leaders. "I grew up where you grew up." A good

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IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Computer-organized "mini-overhaul" will have this North Central Airlines jet flying again in hours instead of weeks.

Airline keeps down cost of keeping planes flying

It's an axiom of the airline business that you can't make money when your planes are on the ground. So tying up a plane periodically for two or three weeks to do a complete overhaul can be extremely costly.

To keep their planes flying, North Central Airlines, a regional carrier in the Midwest, has developed a system called SCEPTRE that helps management schedule maintenance so efficiently that the airline has been able to

eliminate complete overhauls entirely. The system uses an IBM computer to keep a running file on everything that affects the maintenance of the fleet, including the maintenance history of each plane, use of all components, parts inventory, warranty data and replacement forecasts.

Now North Central can bring in a plane once every four or five days for a "mini-overhaul," knowing exactly what service needs to be done and that the

parts are on hand to do it. The mini-overhaul is performed in just a few hours after 1 A.M., when passenger demand is almost nil. By 6 A.M. the plane is ready to fly again, making back-up planes unnecessary.

"We're doing more with less," says John Pennington, SCEPTRE project administrator. "We need one less jet to provide the same level of service. That saves us \$7,000,000 right there. And even when one of our planes has no scheduled flights, we can have it available for charter rather than standing around as a back-up."

Cost savings are also reflected in



Late one night last fall, due to the failure of this valve, a U.S. Air Force "flying hospital" was forced to land in South Bend, Indiana with 20 patients on board. A phone call to North Central's maintenance controller initiated a computer canvass of the spare parts inventories at the airline's four service bases. The valve was found in Chicago, flown in by a re-routed North Central flight, installed by the Air Force crew and the hospital plane was on its way. Elapsed time: less than 1½ hours.

the better management the system allows. "In the past," says Clive Schuelin, SCEPTRE systems manager, "there were times when we replaced parts that had just been replaced the day before and didn't find out about it until the paperwork caught up about two weeks later. For example, now that we know our equipment's true service needs, we've reduced by \$285,000 the amount we had allotted for servicing our jet turbines. We've said that when the system was fully operational we'd save about five per cent of our overall budget. I think that's a conservative estimate."

Pharmacy finds prescription for better service

Being a pharmacist in America today means having to cope with a flood of paperwork. According to pharmacist-owner Larry Blank at Gun Hill Pharmacy in New York City, this meant taking work home every night and most weekends, as well. Still Gun Hill was over a month behind in its record keeping.

Now much of the necessary paperwork generated by the 2,500 weekly prescriptions at Gun Hill is being handled by a small IBM computer. With the help of the computer, daily prescription records and labels are completed by early afternoon instead of evening. This allows for faster processing of forms, maintenance of patient records and billing. "In addition," says Larry Blank, "the pharmacy's capacity for handling prescriptions is now double what it was before."

Equally important, the computer program updates the pharmacy's patient profiles as each prescription is entered. If the entry varies from the patient's usual prescription, a symbol on the computer printout alerts the pharmacist.

The up-to-date records allow for more complete, faster customer service. For example, if a drug is recalled by its manufacturer, Gun Hill can refer to the computer file and immediately notify all its patients using that particular drug.



Making rice paddies more productive. Since rice is the main diet of 40 per cent of the world's people, many of whom live in areas of high population growth, bigger and more frequent rice crops are urgently needed. In a number of countries people are using IBM computers to help make rice fields more productive. In the Philippines a computer is being used to keep track of the many variables in soil chemistry, climate, pest resistance and plant genetics involved in the development of a strain of rice which has increased yields in some areas by as much as 300 per cent. In Malaysia a computer is used to calculate the precise amounts of water which should be released from catchment areas to irrigate the rice paddies, making it possible to grow two crops a year instead of one.

Hawaii taps geothermal potential

Engineers at the University of Hawaii are investigating the most efficient ways to use heat energy from the earth's interior to produce electricity.

Using an IBM computer, Dr. Ping Cheng of the Hawaiian Geothermal Project has created a computer model of the island of Hawaii to learn where a geothermal reservoir is likely to be and to simulate the flow of underground water in a heated area. Based

on these simulations and other geological information, an actual thermal well is now being drilled near Hilo.

Depending on the temperature of



the geothermal resource, it may be used either to drive steam turbines directly or to heat a secondary fluid that will drive the generators. The computer model will help the engineers determine the best way to proceed.

If the experiment is successful, it may be able to produce 10 per cent of the island of Hawaii's electricity requirements, according to a university spokesman.

Probing mysteries of kidney transplants

If a patient's body is to accept a kidney transplant, his or her tissue type should match that of the donor as closely as possible. A UCLA research team, headed by Dr. Paul Terasaki and Dr. M. R. Mickey, has developed a computer-based test for identifying the blood characteristics that define human tissue types. So far, 30 distinct tissue types have been identified, making it necessary to perform as many as 180 tests of white blood cells (as shown here) to assure a match between donor and recipient. The number of possible combinations is so great, reports Dr. Terasaki, that the task of analysis would be virtually impossible without the computer.



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12. One luxury cruise costs \$153-\$430 a day. But by knowing which freighters take passengers and which go where and when, you could take an unforgettable cruise for as little as \$40 a day.
13. Sometimes it's good to have a service contract for a new appliance, and sometimes it isn't. For one major item, MONEY suggests you pass up a contract for at least 3 years.
14. Traveling with your family? If you know the ropes, you can get a second night's stay at many Holiday and Ramada Inns incl. those near Disney World—absolutely free.
15. Is that Chagall a print, a poster, a serigraph, a lithograph—or a fake? Turn to MONEY and you'll learn how to spot the bargains from the beware's.
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response so turns him on that he runs right over applause lines in describing—accurately—how he led the successful fight in Congress to overthrow the oil-depletion allowance, a change that liberals had sought for decades.

Green has a natural advantage because the Democrats have a registration edge in Pennsylvania of 650,000, and most of the large unions prefer him (COPE, the AFL-CIO's political arm, rated Heinz 74 last year, which is high for a Republican, but gave Green 96). Yet the race is suspenseful.

One reason is Heinz's willingness to outspend Green by about 2 to 1. Another is the Republican's attack on the Democrat as a knee-jerk liberal inflation monger ("Green favors total Government control over virtually every aspect of the American system") and as a prisoner of the Old Politics. Pennsylvanians have a well-founded suspicion of Philadelphia's tainted Democratic machine and an affection for mavericks.

Though Heinz's speaking manner is cool as he hooks a thumb into a belt loop, the words boil. "One who is figuratively and literally the son of old Boss Green and the Green machine can't possibly be prepared to represent the whole state. I say he's afraid of [Democratic Governor] Milton Shapp and afraid of Frank Rizzo [Philadelphia's Democratic reactionary mayor]. I say the people don't want little Billy Green."

Green counters this assault by saying: "My father has been dead for 13 years. I wish John Heinz would get out of the cemetery and face me on the issues"—which Green defines as the state's serious economic problems, worsened by Republican policies. Green also points out that he and the Democratic organization broke years ago, when he showed his first signs of reformist heresy. He and Frank Rizzo, in fact, have been enemies since he lost a mayoral primary to Rizzo in 1971.

When Heinz drew the issue as one of integrity he took a risk: he was one of the politicians who received illegal campaign contributions from Gulf Oil. Though the amount was a piddling \$6,000 and Heinz returned the money—insisting that he had originally been unaware of the source—the incident remains very much alive. Green, with his gift for mockery, corrupts one of Lady Macbeth's lines; he quotes it as "Will not all the oil of Arabia wash this blood from my hands?" (while the real language is "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand"). He then brings down house after house by saying: "I understand each night he [Heinz] mutters in his mansion. Will not the ketchup of my fortune wash this oil from my hands?"

Which candidate enjoys the last laugh next month will probably be determined by which establishes himself as having the higher IQ (independence quotient).

Tennessee



Brock v. Sasser

When the music begins at one of his rallies, Tennessee Republican Senator Bill Brock appears to be mildly annoyed at all the noise. James Sasser, the Democrat who hopes to unseat Brock, joyfully picks up the beat by stomping his foot. When the rivals appeared recently at the Dyer County Fair, Brock shook a few hands, then disappeared, without taking a single ride, before most fairgoers were even aware he had been there. Grinning broadly, the shirt-sleeved Sasser eagerly took over, leaving scarcely a hand unshaken, delivering a rip-roaring speech—and getting down on his knees to play with the kids. Sasser frequently twits his dignified opponent by referring to him grandly as "William E. Brock the Third" and "the candy man from Lookout Mountain" to underscore Brock's wealth as

heir to a candy fortune and his place of residence: the posh blueblood area of Chattanooga. Bill Brock may wince at such mischief, but the play is hardly sufficient in itself to frustrate the conservative's bid for a second term. However, a looming Carter landslide in the state and Sasser's tireless and folksy campaign are genuinely formidable obstacles for Brock to overcome.

With a Kennedyesque head of hair complete with untamed forelock, Sasser, 40, parlayed an infectious grin, native acumen and political apprenticeship with Democrats Estes Kefauver and Albert Gore into an upset primary victory. Now he stalks voters relentlessly, grasping hands, patting farmers' backs and children's heads, spouting a Carter-like populism and depicting the beleaguered Brock as a patrician far removed from the concerns of ordinary people.

Cries Sasser, a lawyer and former state Democratic chairman who grew up on a Tennessee farm. "How can a millionaire know the plight of the poor, the uneducated, the jobless, the sick?" His adroit use of sarcasm against the low-keyed Brock has been withering. When the Republican tried to link Sasser to minor scandals in the Democratic state administration, Sasser smiled: "I didn't know William E. Brock the Third was running for Governor." At a joint appearance, Brock declared he intended to run on his record. Quipped Sasser: "That's the best news I've heard."

In near-total contrast to his foe, the urbane Brock, 45, is a reserved, colorless campaigner; a politician who often seems ill at ease at his own rallies. He owes his past victories (four House races and his 1970 conquest of Senator Albert Gore) to his superb organizational skills, on which his hopes for re-election also rest. Brock's conservatism goes down well in Tennessee; he has 15,000 volunteers at work, and he will probably spend more than \$1 million by Nov. 2, compared with \$500,000 by Sasser. But Tennesseeans traditionally cotton more to the down-to-earth, easy-mixing type of campaigning practiced by Brock's colleague, Howard Baker, and by Kefauver, who until Sasser came along probably held the Tennessee record for the most hands shaken in the last time.

As to humor, Sasser likewise has a clear edge. He jokes that he raised peanuts on his grandfather's farm as a boy and allows that "if I had kept on raising peanuts, I might be running for President instead of the Senate." Brock tells about the federal agency that wanted to compel farmers to provide privies within a five-minute walk of any place on the farm, then adds, "Next thing you know they'll be telling us when to go."

THE NATION

In the essentially issueless campaign (both candidates oppose busing and abortion), Sasser is concentrating his firepower on Brock's refusal to make a complete financial disclosure—as Sasser, along with Ford and Carter, has done. The Democrat hints that Brock may be one of those extremely wealthy individuals who pay little or no income tax. Insisting that he placed all of his assets in a blind trust three years ago, Brock asks, "How can I have a conflict of interest when I don't know what's in the blind trust or what's being done with it?" Sasser's rejoinder: "That blind trust has 20-20 vision." He notes that the trustee is a longtime close friend of Brock's whose wife was on the Senator's payroll; she is now a key official in his campaign. In a year when candor

and openness are politically advantageous, Brock is uneasy.

A recent poll showed the two running neck and neck; one last week gave Brock a narrow lead. The crucial battleground will probably be Shelby County (Memphis), where the well-organized Brock currently leads but where the important black vote has yet to be marshaled behind Sasser. A popular black Congressman, Harold Ford, is expected to help his fellow Democrat with the blacks as soon as he feels his own reelection bid has been shored up.

In the end, however, the election may turn less on the campaigning, the personalities and Brock's finances than on a factor that is everywhere evident in the Volunteer State as Election Day

draws near. Wherever he appears, Brock avoids mention of the name Gerald Ford and the word Republican. Sasser makes no attempt to obscure his party affiliation, and he talks a great deal about Jimmy Carter, whom he has supported since the earliest days of Carter's presidential bid. The opposite approaches show plainly that both men are aware that Ford probably lost Tennessee the day Carter was nominated. Even Brock concedes that if Carter wins 60% of the vote—a possibility—he will sweep Sasser to victory on his coattails. To which Sasser huffs: "Carter can help, but the burden is on me." That burden is as nothing compared with the one weighing down Brock and other Republicans forced to campaign this year in Jimmy Carter's South.

Illinois



Thompson v. Howlett



In part, it is the old story of the fighting prosecutor who takes on corrupt big-city dragons. James ("Big Jim") Thompson managed to slap numerous unsavory politicians of both major parties, cops, sheriff's deputies and state legislators behind bars. Thus the U.S. Attorney for northern Illinois acquired a reputation as imposing as his 6 ft. 6 in., 200-lb. physique. Now the Republican candidate for Governor, Thompson, 40, leads Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's hand-picked candidate, Michael Howlett, by such a margin that some Democrats fear their entire ticket may be doomed. Thompson's lead could deny the crucial state to Jimmy Carter.

Daley, of course, may have something to say about that once he fine-tunes his vaunted Cook County organization. But in four different polls, Thompson has been ahead by margins ranging from 15 to 24 percentage points, and even Daley may not be able to narrow that sufficiently. On the campaign trail, Howlett, 62, who established a good record as state auditor for twelve years and as

secretary of state since 1972, has come across as a buffoon. He once said "F— you" to a television reporter—on camera. He also offered up a straight line to Thompson by criticizing his foe for taking his 14-week-old Irish setter, Guv, along on campaign trips. Cracked Thompson: "He's only jealous because the dog's been drawing bigger crowds than he has."

Howlett has myriad other problems. Jovely, at least 40 lbs. overweight, "He looks, talks and walks like Daley," as Thompson delights in putting it. The Daley "old pol" image is not greeted downstate or even in the suburbs with the ecstasy it still engenders in Chicago. What is more, Howlett won a bitter primary battle over Governor Dan Walker, a Daley foe, and the wounds are still festering. Another internecine war—Daley's futile attempt to oust black Representative Ralph Metcalfe from Congress—has provided Thompson with a bonanza: angry Metcalfe backers now serve as volunteers for the

former prosecutor. A Howlett snub of a speaking invitation from United Black Voters of Illinois led to the group's endorsement of Thompson, which may mean as many as 100,000 votes for Thompson—equal to 20% of the Cook County black vote, which normally goes 90% plus to any Democrat. Many blacks are also aware that it was Thompson who once prosecuted a white cop for violating a black youth's civil rights.

Howlett's attempts to tarnish his foe by accusing him, without offering proof, of "fixing" a case when he was prosecutor and of being paid \$50,000 by a law firm to run for Governor have fizzled and, in the latter case, boomeranged. The allegation simply reopened an issue Walker exploited in the primary: that Howlett accepted \$15,000 annually from a steel company while he was on the state payroll. "How else are you going to raise a family of six children and take care of a 90-year-old mother-in-law?" Howlett asks.

Thompson, a dull speaker and a novice in politics, has credentials so impressive from his days as a prosecutor that he does not need to be a spellbinder. His Carterish campaign pledge is to bring Illinois an administration that is "open and decent and honest." Having successfully prosecuted former Democratic Governor Otto Kerner (when Kerner was a federal judge), six Chicago aldermen, Daley's press secretary, a former Cook County clerk, several legislators and 57 cops and sheriff's deputies, he sounds like a man who might keep that pledge. On the stump, he clutches the mike, like a rock singer, with his right hand, and his left fist is constantly clenched as if in readiness to slug some recalcitrant. As his poll leads have widened, despairing Democrats and rejoicing Republicans have largely come to the conclusion that only an enormous gaffe or a genuine scandal could untrack him.

Not much chance of that. Thompson prepared for the campaign with all the meticulousness he brought to the court-

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Cylinder Heads	YES	NO	NO	NO	Shock Absorbers	YES	NO	YES	YES
All Internal Engine Parts	YES	NO	NO	NO	Brake Linings	YES	NO	NO	YES
Intake/Exhaust Manifolds	YES	NO	NO	NO	Clutch Linings	YES	NO	NO	YES
Water Pump	YES	NO	NO	NO	Wiper Blades	YES	NO	NO	NO
Drive Train Parts Covered					All Light Bulbs	YES	NO	YES	NO
Rear Axle/Differential	YES	NO	NO	NO	Hoses and Belts	YES	YES	NO	NO
Internal Transmission Parts	YES	NO	NO	NO	Mufflers	YES	NO	NO	YES
Transmission Case	YES	NO	NO	NO	Tail Pipes	YES	NO	NO	YES
Torque Converter	YES	NO	NO	NO	Services Provided Free				
Clutch	YES	NO	NO	NO	Free Loaner Car	YES	NO	NO	NO
Drive Shaft	YES	NO	NO	NO	Trip Interruption Program	YES	NO	NO	NO
Services Provided Free					SPECIAL NOTICE All benefits of BPP II are also available on all new 1976 AMC models purchased on or after September 1, 1976.				
Free Loaner Car	YES	NO	NO	NO					
Trip Interruption Program	YES	NO	NO	NO					

There's more to an AMC

THE NATION

room, taking a cram course on state government and local problems. He shed 42 lbs. from his huge frame and 10 in. from his waistline lifting weights and playing racquet ball. His marriage at age 39 to Jayne Carr, an assistant attorney general, quieted whispers about his private life.

If he succeeds to the Governor's

chair in the fifth largest state. Big Jim will become an immediate dazzler in the generally lusterless G.O.P. firmament. If he proves a quick study in the statehouse and is resoundingly re-elected as well, he will clearly be in contention for a spot on the 1980 Republican national ticket. Thompson will then be only 44, and Guv just a little over four.

Some Fresh Faces for '76

In the five state races described in the preceding pages, the outcome is largely in suspense. But there are important contests in at least five other states, where the results no longer seem in much doubt. These elections will thrust some more or less new political faces on the national scene.

ROCKEFELLER'S RETURN. Some members of the Rockefeller clan like to be Governors, and when a state is not readily at hand, they move in on one. Nelson took his native New York, but Brother Winthrop chose Arkansas, and now Nephew John D. IV is hoping to win West Virginia. A Harvard graduate who later specialized in Far Eastern studies, Jay moved to the state twelve years ago, spent two years as an antipoverty worker, served a stint as secretary of state, then became president of West Virginia Wesleyan College (enrollment 1,700). Four years ago, he stumbled badly when he ran for Governor as a strong liberal Democrat. Today, Rockefeller, 39 and more conservative, appears to be on the verge of a landslide victory over his opponent, ex-Governor Cecil Underwood, 53, who has little money or organization. Rockefeller has pragmatically switched on a number of issues: he now opposes gun-control laws and unionization of public employees.

Rockefeller spent some \$1.7 million in the spring primary, much of it his own, and is once again spending freely in the fall election. But he has defused the wealth issue by suggesting successfully that he is too rich to steal in office. Nonetheless, for appearances' sake, last year he and his wife Sharon (Illinois Senator Charles Percy's daughter) sold their "his" and "hers" Mercedes, though they are now driving a Lincoln Continental and a Cadillac Seville; their two school-age children go to local integrated schools; and Rockefeller has put his assets in a blind trust. No longer thought of as a carpetbagger, he has embraced the state Democratic Party, which four years ago he rejected. Tall (6 ft. 6 in.) and affable, he is an easygoing campaigner, and assisted by some 5,000 volunteers, has apparently turned the theme of honesty in government into a winning issue.

LUGAR'S TRIUMPH. Richard Lugar, 44, has had to live down his reputation as "Richard Nixon's favorite mayor." But today the former two-term mayor of In-

dianapolis, who just two years ago lost a tight race for the Senate to Birch Bayh, seems well on his way to erasing the Nixon association. Statewide polls now show him comfortably ahead of the scrappy Democratic incumbent, Vance Hartke, whom Capitol Hill aides twice voted "the Senator with the least integrity." Lugar, a Rhodes scholar, has built a strong image as a proponent of free enterprise, strong national defense and fiscal conservatism.

He points out that he reduced property taxes five times during his eight years as mayor of Indianapolis and left office this year with a surplus of \$4.5 million. Lately, Lugar, who has a stiff campaign manner, has loosened up his style, shedding his conservative business suits for bright blazers and white loafers. He has run into some flak from Common Cause for his acceptance of \$10,000 in contributions from the A.M.A., twice the amount allowed one contributor by law. He claims it was legal. However, with a \$500,000 budget, thousands of precinct workers, and an aura of the Eagle Scout (he actually was one), Lugar looks like a winner over Hartke.

SARBANES' ROMP. A cool, low-keyed Rhodes scholar with an English wife, Congressman Paul Sarbanes appears to be riding to victory in a contentious Senate race in Maryland. Sarbanes, 43, a three-term Representative from a blue-collar district in Baltimore, leads in the latest Sunpapers poll by 17 percentage points over incumbent U.S. Senator J. Glenn Beall Jr., 49, who has been hurt by his acknowledged acceptance of unreported campaign funds from the Nixon Administration in 1970. Sarbanes, who attended Princeton on scholarship, later Oxford University and Harvard Law School, comes from a Greek working-class background—he used to wash dishes in his family's restaurant. He drew national attention when he drafted the so-called "Sarbanes substitute," which became the first article of impeachment passed by the House Judiciary Committee in 1974. A liberal, Sarbanes nonetheless has opposed busing and unconditional amnesty for draft evaders. With the Democrats' 3-to-1 registration margin in Maryland and Sarbanes' strong ethnic ties, he appears to be a sure winner.

DANFORTH'S SURGE. Going into the closing weeks of Missouri's Senate con-



FRONT RUNNER JAY ROCKEFELLER



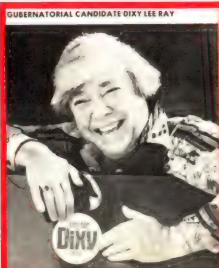
INDIANA'S LUGAR



MISSOURI'S DANFORTH



MARYLAND'S SARBANES



GUVERNATORIAL CANDIDATE DIXY LEE RAY

test, moderate Republican John Danforth, 40, Missouri's attorney general for the past eight years, appears to be pulling away. A gangly (6 ft. 3 in.), ambitious politician who attended Princeton, Yale Law School and Yale Divinity School, Danforth has since 1968 helped to spur a brilliant Republican resurgence in the state which put into office in 1973 the current Governor, Kit Bond, the first Republican to hold that office in Missouri in 30 years. Attorney General Danforth has a deserved "Mr. Clean" image (TIME selected him in 1974 as one of the country's 200 rising young leaders). He twice took to court his own family business, Ralston Purina, in which he holds 100,000 shares worth about \$5 million.

Though normally a wooden campaigner who looks somewhat like an Episcopal rector (which he is), Danforth

now crisscrosses the state in a van and tells voters that he wants to be a "pain in the neck" in Washington. He lost a narrow Senate race in 1970, but he is spending heavily against his opponent, ex-Governor Warren E. Hearnes, who is severely tarnished by allegations of scandal in his past administration.

RAY'S SPRINT. With her outspoken views and eccentric life-style (she lived in an \$18,000 mobile home with two dogs while in Washington, D.C.), Dixy Lee Ray blazed onto the national scene in 1973 when she became the first woman to head the Atomic Energy Commission. Now, in the year since she returned to her home in Washington State, the once apolitical marine biologist, who didn't disclose until this year what party she belonged to, appears to be the surprise

favorite in the race for the state's governorship. Casting herself last spring as a conservative Democrat, Ray grabbed off the party's gubernatorial primary in September by her folksy, direct campaigning, and spent less than a third of the amount shelled out by her chief opponent. Today, at 62, she is racing around the state in 15-hour days, showing herself to be an adept speaker and warm, arm-squeezing vote getter.

She has generally stuck to conservative positions, favoring nuclear energy and large oil tankers in Puget Sound. Her colorless Republican opponent, John Spellman, the King County executive, has not visibly matched her in style. Ray's growing strength among Democratic regulars, who once shunned her, and the Washington State AFL-CIO make her formidable.

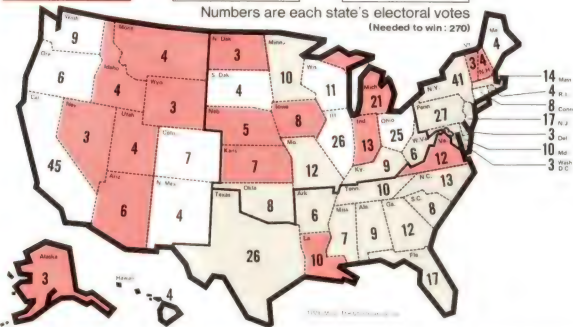
Who's Ahead State by State

FORD
TOTAL - 113

CARTER
TOTAL - 273

UNDECIDED
TOTAL - 152

Numbers are each state's electoral votes
(Needed to win: 270)



Many of the state races described in the foregoing pages will be affected by the national outcome, and some local candidates may help or hurt the presidential contenders. TIME correspondents last week made a state-by-state analysis of who is ahead in the presidential race.

THE EAST: Jimmy Carter holds a comfortable lead in Massachusetts, Maryland, Rhode Island and the District of Columbia, but has only a narrow margin in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Ford has a long lead in two states, New Hampshire and Vermont.

THE SOUTH: Jimmy Carter still is ahead in nine states,

though his lead has been diminishing. Ford has taken a narrow lead in Louisiana, and is ahead by a whisker in Virginia.

THE MIDWEST: Carter is out front in Minnesota, Kentucky, Oklahoma and West Virginia. He barely holds Missouri; Ford has respectable margins in North Dakota, Nebraska and Indiana. He is well ahead back home in Michigan, and hangs on—but just by his fingertips—in Iowa and Bob Dole's Kansas. South Dakota is seen as a toss-up. So are the region's three richest electoral prizes: Illinois, Ohio and Wisconsin.

THE WEST: Carter leads only in Hawaii, Colorado, New Mexico, Washington and even Oregon are too close to call. So is California, the biggest prize of all.



TROOPER GUARDING STUDENTS ARRESTED AFTER THAMMASAT UNIVERSITY MASSACRE



BLOODED LEFTIST STUDENT BEING HELPED TO AMBULANCE

THE WORLD

THAILAND

A Nightmare of Lynching and Burning



Suddenly the nightmare that Bangkok had dreaded was happening—a wild outbreak of kicking, clubbing, shooting, lynching. Youths hurled themselves into the river to keep from being shot. Then the blazing finale as a heap of gasoline-soaked bodies were set afire. Finally, over the radio came last week's terse announcement: "The government cannot govern," said a voice. "To keep Thailand from falling prey to the Communists and to uphold the monarchy, this [military] council has seized power. The country is under martial law."

The voice was that of stately, thick-set Admiral Sangad Chalor, 61, who just two weeks earlier had retired as armed forces supreme commander and planned to spend his time raising orchids. Said Chalor: "You can sleep peacefully tonight. You do not need to live in fear any more."

Judging by the right-wing junta's first decrees, Thai politics indeed appears headed for a kind of sleep. Within a day, 3,000 suspected leftists were rounded up and herded into detention camps. Political parties and any gathering of more than five persons were banned; newspapers, magazines and broadcasts were placed under censorship; and membership in Communist organizations was made punishable by death after trial by courts-martial. A midnight-to-dawn curfew was established on the night of the coup, then dropped—after revelers who ignored it were shot. Constitutional rule will even-

tually be restored, said Sangad, but only "when the nation is ready for it."

When that might happen is anybody's guess. A mild monarchy under the rule of the figurehead King Bhumibol Adulyadej, Thailand is less notable for its democratic tradition than for its periodic military putsches and bottomless corruption. Yet at the height of the Viet Nam War, the U.S. shipped squadrons of bombers and some 50,000 troops to this California-size land, making it a fortress of American power. As the war in neighboring Indochina began to wind down, riotous Bangkok students overthrew Dictator Thanom Kittikachorn in 1973 and ushered in a neutralist government that requested U.S. withdrawal. Then began a series of shaky coalitions assembled by groupings of Thailand's 54 parties. Now, TIME's David Aikman cabled, the collapse of Thailand's three-year experiment in democracy was received with widespread relief, for the nation had been teetering on the brink of chaos.

Wild Buffaloes. The new trouble started last month, when ex-Dictator Thanom, after three years of exile in the U.S. and Singapore, slipped back to Bangkok with the saffron robes and shaven skull of a Buddhist monk. His mission, he said, was to do penance at the deathbed of his 91-year-old father. Leftist students at Bangkok's Thammasat University refused to believe it. They demanded that he again be expelled and gave Prime Minister Seni Pramoj a

deadline of Oct. 2 to act. The frail, silver-haired Seni, newly appointed to head yet another coalition, vacillated.

Though Thammasat University had been closed, 4,000 students broke down the gates and occupied it. Some staged antigovernment skits. Others secretly brought in guns. The students were supported by 43 Bangkok labor unions, which gave the government their own three-day deadline for Thanom's ouster. After that, they threatened, there would be a general strike.

But Thailand's conservative forces, by now fearful of the nation's steady drift to the left and its vulnerability to pressures from its Communist neighbors, fought back. Police seized two students who were putting up anti-Thanom posters and summarily hanged them. Several thousand right-wing vocational students known as "Red gaur" (wild buffaloes) demanded that the left-wing students be ousted from the university.

A student skit triggered the final crisis, and the coup. Selecting a youth who resembled Thailand's Crown Prince Vajiralongkorn, 24, the leftists staged a mock hanging. Gruesome pictures of the charade were splashed all over Bangkok's daily papers that night. By dawn, an enraged mob of 10,000 rightists armed with rifles, swords and clubs began attacking Thammasat. They were met by M-16 gunfire and

grenades. Then the troops moved in.

Spearheaded by a dump truck that smashed through the main gate, Thai paratroops, border guards and marines rushed in. Peppering the buildings with small arms fire, grenades and anti-tank shells, the soldiers swept through the campus. The toll: 41 dead (only two of them police) and 180 injured. "They were out for blood," said one Western newsman who had covered the war in Viet Nam. "It was the worst firefight I've ever seen." Huddled in terror on the central soccer field, student captives were stripped to the waist and kicked around by swaggering soldiers. Shoes, watches, eyeglasses and golden Buddha medallions were confiscated. The wounded were left to bleed—drawing flies in the noonday sun, while military doctors awaited "instructions" from their commanders.

A few desperate students managed to escape by the Chao Phya River at the rear of the campus. Others who ran for the streets were set on by the rightist mob. Several were beaten close to death, then hanged, or doused with gasoline and set afire. One was decapitated. The bodies of the lynched victims strung up on trees were mutilated by rioters, who gouged out their eyes, slit their throats and lashed at them with clubs and chains.

Radio Omens. From Thammasat, the mob moved on to Government House, where a tearful Seni Pramoi, who may well have known about the military's plans, offered his capitulation. "I did my best," Seni told the crowd. "I tried to keep law-and-order in this kingdom, but if you wish, I will go." The military, after taking power, promptly installed Supreme Court Justice Tann Kraivixien, 49, as the new Prime Minister.

At week's end the junta was apparently in control of Bangkok, but it faces dangerous threats. Communist guerrillas are active in Thailand's northeastern provinces, and Radio Hanoi has denounced the coup as a plot between "American imperialists" and Thai "reactionaries." It was an ominous signal for a nation from which the remaining U.S. forces pulled out just last July, leaving the Thais to their own devices.

SOUTHERN AFRICA

The Traveling Ted And Bill Show

The diplomatic act that some journalists in Africa call "The Traveling Ted and Bill Show" hopped around the continent last week—from Maputo to Dar es Salaam, Lusaka to Pretoria, Salisbury to Pretoria again, and on to London. Through it all, Britain's Minister of State for Africa Edward Rowlands and U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs William Schaefele wore smiles that occasionally seemed frozen on their faces. "I think we have a measure of agreement," chirped Rowlands. Added Schaefele: "We are clear of all difficulties, and now the end should be achieved." Sure enough, at week's end the British government announced that the conference to set up an interim government in Rhodesia, first step in the transition to black majority rule, would be convened next week in Geneva.

The only trouble was that the parties involved—the white Rhodesians, the black Rhodesians, the five "front-line" Presidents of Tanzania, Zambia, Mozambique, Botswana and Angola—had sharply differing ideas of what the conference was supposed to accomplish. "Rowlands and Schaefele seemed to be trying not to offend or differ with anyone," said a Western diplomat in Tanzania. "Their idea seems to be to get a conference going, and then hope that things will work out simply because everyone is in one room."

Power Sharing. A week earlier, black and white leaders appeared to have agreed in principle to the "Kissinger plan," formulated during the U.S. Secretary of State's recent trip to southern Africa, to bring about black rule in Rhodesia within two years. But they disagreed as to what the plan specifically was. As spelled out in public by Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith, Kissinger's formula would set up an interim government in which whites would share power with blacks—but would remain dominant during the changeover.

Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, most influential of the front-line Presidents, challenged this view, insisting that black majority rule must come immediately. Mozambique's President Samora Machel, host to the largest band (5,000 to 8,000) of Rhodesian guerrillas, said he would continue to support "armed struggle by the gallant freedom fighters of Zimbabwe (the black African name for Rhodesia) until the day independence is achieved." Ian Smith was grouching that Kissinger's package deal included an end to guerrilla warfare and international sanctions. To make matters worse, after a week-long conference in Mozambique, Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, rival leaders of nationalist factions, claimed to have cemented

JUNTA CHIEF SANGAD CHALORYU



EX-DICTATOR THANOM IN MONK'S GARB



PRIME MINISTER SENI SHORTLY BEFORE COUP



THE WORLD

their differences in a new "Patriotic Front." Rejecting the Kissinger proposals as a basis for discussion, the two black leaders demanded that the conference in Geneva be postponed. While agreeing to attend talks, both indicated that the only subject for negotiation should be "immediate transfer" of power from the "colonial power"—Britain—to the "people of Zimbabwe." Should Ian Smith or any white Rhodesian attend, Nkomo and Mugabe said, "we can

only regard him them as an extension of the United Kingdom delegation." Both vowed to "intensify" the guerrilla efforts under the joint command of the "Patriotic Front."

Has a Rhodesian settlement gone off the tracks? Possibly. But the U.S., Britain and South Africa were still committed to the principle of majority rule within two years. If they remained firm, the agreement still had at least a chance of success.

ARGENTINA

A Monopoly of Force

"The guerrillas might still bring off some resounding feats," said retired General Eduardo José Catán, "but there is no doubt that they have lost the war." The general, speaking at the vast Campo de Mayo garrison outside Buenos Aires, was more prophetic than he realized. Just a few minutes after he finished talking, the guerrillas brought off the latest of their resounding feats: a time bomb planted in the reviewing stand blew out a yard-wide hole at the exact spot where Argentine President Jorge Rafael Videla had been standing. Because the ceremonies had ended three minutes early, Videla was by then a scant but safe 60 yds away.

VIDELA (WITH WIFE) ADDRESSES TROOPS



General Catán was probably also correct in his second statement—that the guerrillas have lost the war. Yet after six months of an army regime supposedly dedicated to the restoration of order, Argentina remains prey to repeated attacks of violence—often caused by the security forces themselves.

The fighting has waxed and waned ever since the late 1960s, when guerrillas began fighting to bring back exiled Dictator Juan Domingo Perón. The two main factions, 1) the Montoneros (hush fighters), who originally supported Perón but turned increasingly leftward and broke away after his return to power in 1973; and 2) the smaller ERP (Ejército Revolucionario del Pueblo, or People's Revolutionary Army), a Cuban-influenced outfit with Trotskyite ties.

Isolated Actions. Both groups staged damaging raids—as did right-wing terrorists—against the inept regime of Perón's widow and successor, Isabel, 45. When Videla led an army coup that deposed Mrs. Perón (she remains under luxurious house arrest in the lake district), he promised that the government would exercise a "monopoly of force." In July the army cornered and killed ERP Leader Mario Santucho and two of his top aides. Last month government forces trapped the national political secretariat of the Montoneros; five of them were shot to death, and four others captured. With their leaders gone, the guerrillas have been forced to shift from large-scale attacks on garrisons to isolated actions like the bombing at Campo de Mayo two weeks ago.

The government's methods of repression, however, seem to be infecting the government itself. Security forces—often operating independently of central control—have not limited themselves to guerrilla fighting but frequently have seized, mistreated, and even killed mere suspects. In the six months of military rule, at least 850 civilians, including five priests, have died violently, and 300 have disappeared. Perhaps three-quarters of the civilian deaths have been caused by government forces. The government argues that guerrilla fighting is "a dirty war," but many Argentines believe that security agents are out of control. Examples:

► American Mennonite Pastor John Delbert Erb and his family opened their apartment door to late-night knocks to find a squad of men with submachine guns confronting them. The intruders tied and blindfolded the Erbs, ransacked their apartment, and then abducted their daughter, Patricia Ann, 19. Although the raiders spray-painted guerrilla slogans on the apartment walls, the Erbs suspected that they were police. A neighbor who came out to see what was happening was ordered away with the explanation that "there is an operation under way." Patricia Ann Erb, who had been barely on the fringe of ERP activities three years ago as a student at the National University in Buenos Aires, finally surfaced unharmed at a suburban police station; last week she was ordered to leave the country.

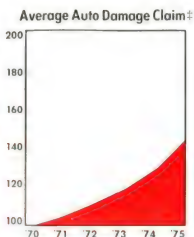
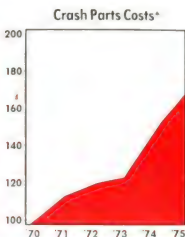
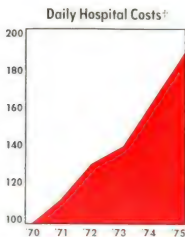
► After retired Army General Omar Actis was murdered by terrorists two months ago, the bodies of 30 suspected guerrillas were found near the town of Pilar in Buenos Aires province. Residents of the area said they had heard shooting and an explosion in the night. The bodies had all been dynamited, apparently to hamper identification. The government promised "an exhaustive and profound investigation," but nothing has happened so far.

► Former Senator Hipólito Solari Yrigoyen, known for his firm defense of human rights during the Peronist years, was kidnapped from his home in southern Argentina in mid-August. Although Interior Minister General Albano Harguindey personally tried to find him, the search took two weeks. Solari was finally pitched out of the back of a truck, together with another legislator who had been kidnapped at the same time. Both men were immediately rearrested by the army.

Increasingly, Argentines are wondering about the extent to which Videla may have authorized the violence. The general, shy and courteous in presidential appearances, enjoyed a reputation for honesty and moderation before becoming army chief, but he may simply be unable to control the multiple layers of agents working on the guerrilla campaign.

The rising level of violence is more and more disturbing to outside observers. Pope Paul, receiving a new Argentine ambassador recently, denounced the murders of priests—apparently by pro-government agents—and the loss of other "valuable lives." In Washington, a congressional subcommittee has begun investigations to determine whether Argentina should be denied U.S. military aid. Subcommittee Chairman Donald Fraser of Minnesota called the wave of killings "shocking."

To counteract such criticisms, the Videla junta has hired a pair of public relations agencies to spread the good news in the U.S. and elsewhere that Argentina's economy is stabilizing and social unrest is at an end.



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HUA KUO-FENG AT BANQUET IN FEBRUARY SHORTLY AFTER BECOMING ACTING PREMIER

CHINA

Hua Succeeds the Great Helmsman

The first hints that a successor to Chairman Mao Tse-tung had been chosen came in a Hsinhua communiqué last week on the disposition of Mao's body. Capping a month of mourning, China's official news agency announced that the body of the Great Helmsman would be enshrined in a crystal sarcophagus in a mausoleum to be built in Peking. It was also noted that Mao's complete works would be prepared under the leadership of the Politburo, "headed by Comrade Hua Kuo-feng." It was the first time that Premier Hua had been referred to in Peking as chief of the party's Politburo—a post formerly held by Mao.

On Saturday, wall posters urging unity "around the party led by Comrade Hua Kuo-feng" were plastered up across Peking in full view of foreign residents. Although no official statement was issued, several news agencies, citing the usual "reliable sources," reported that Hua had been named both party Chairman and head of the key Military Affairs Commission. Newsmen stationed in Peking noted unusually hectic activity at government offices near T'ien An Men Square. U.S. diplomats believed that a high-level party meeting was in progress, presumably to discuss and confirm Hua's appointment.

Crystal Tomb. Hua's elevation to Chairman of the party—if and when it becomes official—is no surprise. As Premier and First Vice Chairman, Hua has effectively headed China's government since a strident wall-poster campaign ousted First Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping last April. Chosen in an apparent compromise between China's bickering radicals and pragmatists, Hua dynamically directed the rescue and rebuilding efforts following July's disastrous earthquakes. He impressed both foreign ob-

servers and party cadres with his skillful handling of Mao's obsequies.

Hua originally made his reputation in Mao's native province of Hunan; he caught the Chairman's eye with his performance as an agriculture expert and administrator of the major central Chinese province of 50 million. The burly, amiable Premier (now in his mid-50s) is generally regarded as a moderating influence in the party; presumably he will carry on with Mao's principal policies—pragmatic independence in foreign relations and concentration on agriculture at home. As chief editor of Mao's works, Hua is in a unique position to serve as ideological arbiter of the Chairman's legacy.

Whether Hua is in firm command of the party, and whether the factions have temporarily settled their differences, may become clearer as other appointments are made. Sinologists expect Hua to give up the post of Premier. His logical successor would be Chang Ch'un Ch'iao, about 65, Vice Premier and head of the army's political department.

An important index of party unity will be whether the naming of people to top posts that have remained unfilled because of deaths and factional strife goes smoothly. The vacancies have seriously slowed the pace of decision making in Peking—particularly on sensitive political issues.

Perhaps the most comforting element in Hua's ascension—at least for Westerners—is his firm opposition to reconciliation with the Soviets. In a recent interview with former U.S. Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, Hua bitterly denounced the Soviets as the "new czars." It is a phrase that would have pleased the man whose body will soon rest in China's crystal tomb.

Building a New Great Wall

For the first time since they took power in 1949, the Chinese recently permitted Americans to visit the politically and militarily sensitive Sino-Soviet borderlands and Tibet. TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold L. Schechter accompanied former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger on the 23-day 8,200-mile journey. Schechter's report:

It is another China—vast deserts and snow-capped mountains and new oilfields. These are the sparsely populated frontier lands—80% of China's land mass but with less than 5% of its people—stretching from Tibet to Sinkiang and Inner Mongolia, across the Takla Makan and Gobi deserts to the beginning of the Great Wall of China (see map page 51). The historic line against invaders is being built anew today. This time the Great Wall of China is not bricks and stone but people and new industry. The borderlands are being developed as a buffer to protect the inner core of China, the land of the Han people.

The rallying cry in "people's war," with the "new czars" of the Soviet Union as the enemy. Militia training is part of the daily routine, and a high state of readiness is displayed for guests. Whenever we traveled, there just happened to be demonstrations of rifle practice.

Grazing Camels. The basic tactic of China's border policy is the massive settlement of its Han people among the native inhabitants. In Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, the 120,000 Chinese cadres are much in evidence, and the exiled Dalai Lama's Potala Palace is no more than a well-tended cultural relic. Urumchi, the capital of the Sinkiang Uighur autonomous region, has grown from 80,000 people in 1949 to 800,000 today, of whom 60% are Han, only 40% the traditional nomadic peoples—Uighurs, Kazakhs, Kirghiz and Mongols.

The city of Urumchi has expanded from the mud-walled single-story Moslem quarters, where forage is stored on the roofs, to rows of new brick apartment buildings on the dry river beds outside the city. Camels still graze in sight of the new air terminal. Smoke from a cement plant floats across grazing lands where Kazakh cowboys pitch their tents of yak felt. (Visiting dignitaries like Schlesinger are served yak-butter tea and mare's fermented milk.)

A 350-mile flight from Urumchi to the Soviet border discloses the Chinese vulnerability to incursions from the north. The Dzungarian basin spreads into a hard, flat, open plain beneath the Po-lo-k'o-nu Mountains, ideal tank and tactical-air-strike country. Kazakh boys who ride bareback through the surrounding pine forests must beware the



A practice cavalry charge by members of commune in inner Mongolia (top); woman with rifle waiting her turn at target practice; scoring target hits on the firing range; Mongolian sharpshooter at full gallop.



Clockwise from right: Former quarters of the exiled Dalai Lama in Lhasa's Potala Palace; reception for Schlesinger party in Sinkiang; still majestic exterior of Potala Palace; threshing wheat in an agricultural commune; gold reliefs on roof of Jakang monastery.





leopards that still roam the foothills of the T'ien Shan range. The border-control point is a 600-yd.-long bridge across the Ili River, where the Chinese claim that the Soviets continue to infiltrate agents. They also say border markers are frequently moved and that the Soviets fire propaganda leaflets and even live artillery shells across the frontier.

Although the terrain is ideal for armor, the Chinese are sticking to a "people's war" defense, concentrating on guerrilla tactics and mine warfare. "We will not attack first, but if the Soviet revisionists dare to attack us, we will certainly bury them in the vast ocean of a people's war," declared Hsieh Kao-chung, chairman of the Ili Kazakh autonomous prefecture revolutionary committee.

Civilian Militia. In Inner Mongolia, the Chinese settlement policy is even more evident. The mass movement of Han people has left only 440,000 Mongolians in a population of 8.6 million. (The Chinese point out that the Mongolian population has doubled since 1949.)

Signs of readiness for a people's war are visible everywhere. Civilian militia lined the road on the hour-long drive from the airport, midway between Huhohaoi, capital of the Inner Mongolian autonomous region, and Pao-t'ou, the iron and steel center where China's tanks are built. Smooth-cheeked boys and pigtailed girls armed with rifles and submachine guns stood 100 yds. apart over the 36-mile route. Huhohaoi lies at the foot of a pass leading through mountains from the Mongolian plateau, where the Soviets maintain an estimated five divisions.

We drove along the road that would be an invasion route. Rolling hills north of Huhohaoi give way to the grassland steppes where Mongolians herd their sheep and horses while maintaining a people's militia cavalry. At the Ulanfu (Red Flag) commune 50 miles north of Huhohaoi, Mongolian men and women on horseback demonstrated how they could lay land mines to destroy tanks. After target practice at full gallop, the

cavalry set off across the steppes with sabers bared, to the sound of the *Internationale* booming over a loudspeaker.

The Chinese preoccupation with their frontier, its development and defense, is intense. By showing the area to Americans for the first time, they seemed to be indicating that they are not ready to change their policy toward Moscow after Chairman Mao's death. Warned Teng Chun-ching, vice chairman of the Mongolian autonomous region: "If the Soviet revisionists commit aggression, it will be easy for them to get in but difficult to get out." That may be true, and the demonstrations of horsemanship were impressive, but they left Schlesinger and his party wondering when the Chinese were going to acquire an adequate supply of antitank guns and other modern weapons.

INDIA

Symbol in Chains

Handcuffs and chains fettered the tall, bespectacled prisoner as he was led into the packed New Delhi courtroom. He was George Fernandes, 46, chairman of the Socialist Party of India and former president of the All-India Railwaymen's Federation, and he was now facing India's first prosecution for conspiracy against the government of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. Behind Fernandes came 21 co-defendants—industrialists, journalists, politicians and others—also handcuffed and chained. With characteristic fervor, Fernandes rattled his shackles and declared that he was guilty of no crime. "We and the chains we bear before you today," he told Magistrate Mohammed Shamim, "are symbolic of the entire nation."

The 22 prisoners, in court last week for their first pretrial hearing, have all been accused by the Central Bureau of Investigation of taking part in a "deep-rooted criminal conspiracy" to "overawe the central government." Already the prosecution has submitted a list of 575 witnesses it plans to call—suggesting that the trial is being staged as a courtroom spectacular that could last for months. Presumably the government is hoping to demonstrate, through testimony, that the threat of subversion justified Mrs. Gandhi 16 months ago in her drastic curtailment of civil rights.

Fernandes, who once studied to be a Roman Catholic priest, is a quixotic but skillful labor organizer. He first acquired a national reputation in 1967, when he unexpectedly defeated a strongman of the ever ruling Congress Party, S.K. Patil, for the parliamentary seat for South

Bombay. Fernandes soon found the life of an M.P. boring and went back to militant unionism. In May 1974, he masterminded a crippling national railway strike that the government succeeded in breaking only after three weeks of turmoil and thousands of arrests.

The following year, on the very day Mrs. Gandhi declared a state of emergency and detained thousands of her opponents without trial, Fernandes went underground. For almost a year, until his arrest in Calcutta last June, he traveled the country disguised as a Sikh, with a flowing beard and turban. Gradually, he organized a resistance movement, published a clandestine mimeographed newsletter and—according to the prosecution—staged a number of bombings. If found guilty, he will face a sentence of life imprisonment.

Firm Control. The trial is certain to attract wide attention—especially since the Indian government lifted all censorship restrictions on foreign correspondents a fortnight ago. No similar relaxation in the government's firm control over the domestic press has taken place. On the contrary, the right of dissent has virtually disappeared.

Nor will it soon reappear. Late this month Parliament will meet in special session to consider an elaborate revision of the Indian constitution. The effect of the proposed amendment bill—certain to be passed because of the ruling Congress Party's huge majorities in Parliament and the state legislatures—will be to enhance the already vast powers of the executive and to reduce those of the judiciary. The Supreme Court will lose its right to question legislation on any but procedural grounds.

After passage of the bill, Mrs. Gandhi may lift the state of emergency and may hold the postponed elections. By that time, after all, many of the extraordinary powers of the emergency administration will have become ordinary, a permanent part of India's political life.

PRISONER GEORGE FERNANDES





SWANSON DISCUSSES SEX AFTER 70

"Men would like to think that when a woman reaches menopause, it's the end of romance," announced Actress **Gloria Swanson**, 77. "But it's really the beginning of everything because there's no worry about whether to get pregnant or not. Women find a sense of freedom and abandonment." Swanson's verbal abandon came during a taping of TV's syndicated *Good Day* show. The unsilent screen star discussed her taste in men ("broad shoulders and narrow hips") and her recently acquired sixth husband, Author **William Dufty**, 60. "Biologically, a woman is younger and lives longer; it's the men who give up," asserted Gloria. "Of course, my sex life is very healthy." Should a grandmother of seven be talking that lustily? "I'm a matriarch now," exclaimed Swanson, "and I can say anything I want to."

It was not John's Bargain Stores that attracted a couple of oil-rich Arab shoppers last week. In Seattle, spokesmen for the Boeing Company confirmed having discussions with agents of **King Khalid ibn Abdul Aziz**, 63, of Saudi Arabia. His Majesty, it seems, is in the market for a monster five-story-high 747SP jet that would probably cost upward of \$50 million and include a stratospheric throne plus a royal hospital room wired for communication via satellite. Back in Chicago, meanwhile, emissaries of **Qabus bin Said**, 35, Sultan of Oman, were



MILITIAMAN BARRY GOLDWATER DOES A BANG-UP JOB IN MARYLAND

content merely to rent space on a 747. Of course, the plane was needed to haul off some of the Sultan's own purchases, including six custom-made Cadillac Seattles, one Porsche, a 25-ft. ocean-going speedboat with trailer, and a Chevy truck. The merchandise seemed practical enough.

Once there was a Swedish prince named **Bertil**, who fell in love with a volunteer nurse named **Lilian**. The two wanted to wed, but alas, the King disapproved of his son's marriage to a commoner. Faced with losing his place in line for the throne, Prince Bertil decided not to marry Lilian. But that was not the end of the affair—the couple set up housekeeping on the French Riviera and later at more palatial quarters in Sweden. Eventually, the old King died, and his grandson, **Carl Gustaf**, and not Prince Bertil, assumed the throne. The new King decided that his still unmarried uncle had put duty before matrimony long enough. Last week, blessed with his nephew's consent, Prince Bertil, now 64, and **Lilian Craig**, 61, announced a new phase to their 33-year romance—marriage, on Dec. 7, at Drottningholm Castle near Stockholm.

Resplendent in a purple, lace-cuffed outfit, tricornered hat and horn-rims, he looked like a happy straggler from a Bicentennial parade. But no, that was Arizona Senator **Barry M. Goldwater**, 67, manning the battlements on Maryland's Chesapeake Bay last week. Called back to active duty to help restage the Battle of St. Michaels, in which American artillerymen beat off an attack by British

ships during the War of 1812, retired U.S. Air Force Major General Goldwater took command of the defenses, fired off a few ceremonial cannon—and considered the meaning of it all for an old political warhorse. "This is the only fight I've ever been in," conceded the unsuccessful 1964 G.O.P. presidential candidate, "that I knew I would win before I started."

Their show was literally socko, but it was no laughing matter when Comedians **Bill Cosby** and **Tommy Smothers** got together during a party at **Hugh Hefner's** Los Angeles mansion. As soon as Smothers, 5 ft. 9 in., 150 lbs., spied Cosby, 6 ft., 180 lbs., he walked over and extended his hand to congratulate him on his new TV show *Cos*. "But he wouldn't shake it," lamented Tommy. "He said something like 'You've been asking for it,' and as I turned to Hefner, he slugged me." First Smothers dropped like a falling pebble; later he went off for X rays of his swollen cheek. Though Cos offered no explanation for the one-clout bout, Tommy hinted that it all might have started with a run-in on the *Yankee Show* back in March. And what will Smothers do the next time he meets Cosby? Answer: "I guess I'll have to hit him again—with my face."

Retired or not, Heavyweight Champ **Muhammad Ali** continues to bob and weave—only this time it may be through the divorce courts. His wife, **Khalilah Ali**, has charged him with adultery, desertion and "extreme and repeated mental cruelty." In Khalilah's behalf, a Chicago judge last week extended a restrain-



THE CHAMPION OF CHAT TRIES A FEW LINES ON ACTOR ERNEST BORGNINE

ing order prohibiting Ali from squandering \$6 million he earned from his victory over **Ken Norton** last month. "Muhammad should stop and get himself together," Khalilah told one interviewer, adding that her husband was a "very confused" man. "He can't decide if he should quit fighting, and what he should do after he does quit. Muhammad will say one thing, and then go ahead and do something else." None of this seemed to stop the Champ, who turned up in Miami Beach to begin working on a movie biography titled *The Greatest*, which features Ali as himself, and **Ernest Borgnine** as Trainer **Angelo Dundee**. Said Ali modestly: "Move over **Paul Newman**, get out of my way **Dustin Hoffman**, I'm gonna get you, **Robert Redford**."

After six consecutive Mr. Universe championships and five more as Mr. Olympia, Austrian-born Bodybuilder **Arnold Schwarzenegger** decided that he needed to add some flux to his flex. "When people say musclemen are muscle-bound, it's because of the way they move up there onstage," the strong man observed. "I thought I should get some help from somebody who's really graceful." Arnold promptly began taking ballet lessons and last November snatched his sixth Mr. Olympia crown before retiring from competition. Last week he was back at the bar, rippling his 22-in. biceps and practicing *pliés* with Ballerina Marianne Claire—all for the love of a new flick titled *Pumping Iron*, featuring Arnold, 29, as himself. "If a lean guy moves gracefully, you can understand it," says the 220-lb. isophile, who is known as the Austrian Oak. "But if a huge, muscular guy moves gracefully, it's a mind blower. It can be really beautiful." Whatever you say, Arnold.

As a photographer, **Candice Bergen** will go to any length—and depth—for a good picture; a fact she proved during a foray into Pennsylvania coal country in search of women miners. Joining a

4 p.m.-to-midnight shift near Johnstown, Bergen rode 800 ft. into the earth for a work session with her subjects. Her enterprise was not universally approved. "When I returned the next day, the foreman met me at the entrance and said the men had threatened to strike if I went back down," said Candice. "The men feel that their decades in the mines have been obliterated by the media, by female upstarts like me." A case of chauvinism in the shafts? Reported Candice. "When I asked one woman miner if she would change her life at all, her answer was no. She only wished she could have had this job 20 years ago."



BERGEN GETS UNDERMINED IN PENNSYLVANIA



CLAIRE & SCHWARZENEGGER TRY THE STRONG-ARM APPROACH TO BALLET

New England: Patsies No More

They are removing the scaffolding at last from the locker room inside hulking, gray Schaefer Stadium in Foxboro, Mass. After dazzling consecutive wins over three of the National Football League's finest teams—Miami, Pittsburgh and Oakland—the once and always rebuilding New England Patriots are no longer under construction. With a conference-leading offense built around the passing and surprise running of Star Quarterback Steve Grogan (see

box) and an adequate, if not preternatural defense, the newly proud Pats have shaken their longtime label—Patsies.

New England's rise has been as stunning as it was swift. The Patriots had not enjoyed a winning season since 1966. After a dismal three wins and eleven losses last year, Quarterback Jim Plunkett—the 1970 Stanford Heisman Trophy winner who was supposed to parade the Patriots to glory—asked to be traded to a California team. Patriot fans, sensing that the RENOVATIONS UNDER WAY sign might hang for years longer, responded by planning to stay away from Patriot games. Result: season-ticket sales dropped by 10,000, and first-game attendance was the lowest in the team's five years at Schaefer Stadium. When the club lost its opener to Baltimore—with Grogan chucking four interceptions—the empty seats yawned.

Actually, the Patriots were about to march. The offensive line, heavy with superb blockers, had become a cohesive unit. Grogan's love of running with the ball made their jobs easier. With a mobile quarterback, linemen need not pour all their energy into defense of a very small place, the passer's pocket. Says Left Tackle Leon Gray: "With Grogan, a half a block may be enough."

The testimony of opponents is that Patriot blockers do far more. Neither Oakland's defenders nor Pittsburgh's Fearsome Foursome were able to dump

Quarterback Grogan. New England's running backs have likewise benefited. Fullback Sam ("Bam") Cunningham is off to what could be his best year ever, carrying for 308 yds. in four games. Quick-off-the-ball Andy Johnson is just a few steps behind Cunningham as a rusher. Both are effective receivers as well—Cunningham alone has 14 catches—but it is their speed in cannonballing through holes opened by the line that makes for yardage and scores.

Blithe Spirit. The holes were wide open as New England surged ahead with six touchdown drives in the 48-17 win over Oakland—including sustained, slugging marches of 92, 80 and 76 yds. Tackle Gray, a black, trumpet-toting Mississippian, and his sideman, white, fiddle-playing Alabamian John Hannah, are close friends off the field and dominant on it. Tight End Russ Francis brought to the team a free spirit and a Hawaiian hex for use against opponents when he arrived as a first-round draft pick last year. Francis owns his own Beechcraft and zips around in a Maserati when he is not punishing linebackers or breaking into the clear for key receptions. "The car is almost as fast as the plane," Francis says nonchalantly. At 6 ft 6 in., 240 lbs., Francis still can sprint 40 yds. in 4.6 sec.—fast enough to make him a Maserati among tight ends.

Center Bill Lenkaitis, the N.F.L.'s only active dentist, extracts running room from opposing defenders. Right Guard Sam Adams is tagged "Cut

PATRIOTS COACH CHUCK FAIRBANKS



FULLBACK SAM CUNNINGHAM BARRELS 24 YARDS THROUGH HUGE HOLE OPENED BY PATRIOTS' CRISP-BLOCKING OFFENSIVE LINE



Once again, TV service technicians give these opinions about Zenith:

I. Best Picture.

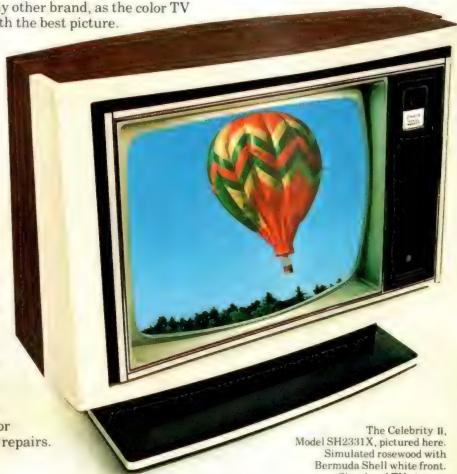
Again this year, in a nationwide survey of the opinions of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was selected, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of all the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith	34%
Brand A	21%
Brand B	12%
Brand C	8%
Brand D	7%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	10%
Don't Know	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.



The Celebrity II, Model SH2331X, pictured here. Simulated rosewood with Bermuda Shell white front. Simulated TV picture.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same opinion survey, the service technicians selected Zenith, more than any other brand, as the color TV needing the fewest repairs.

Question: In general, of all the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith	38%
Brand A	18%
Brand D	9%
Brand B	6%
Brand C	5%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	11%
Don't Know	10%

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I.W. HARPER

A famous American in England and around the world.

Man," not for medical reasons, but for his knee-jarring blocks on sweeps and roll outs. He teams with alternating Tackles Bob McKay and Tom Neville to blast open the right side for onrushing Patriot backs. Says Raider Coach John Madden: "They've got five offensive linemen who can block, a fullback who can block, plus a tight end who blocks. It's like playing against a seven-man line all day."

The offense has solidified around Grogan. Filling in last year for the injured Plunkett, the raw quarterback took his lumps. The worst of them were self-inflicted—18 interceptions in eight games. But slowly, his confidence, and his teammates' confidence in him, were building. Grogan's quiet praise for their efforts contrasted with Plunkett's aloofness. After the Baltimore fiasco, which was as much his own fault as anyone's, Grogan showed for the first time that he could put his mistakes behind him and start fresh on Monday, a sure sign of maturity in a quarterback.

The turnabout came against the World Champion Steelers. Held to a starveling 22-yds rushing in the first half, the Patriots went into the break

trailing 13-9. Pittsburgh quickly scored again in the third period to lead 20-9. This was the moment for a young, demoralized team to fold. Instead, on fourth down with 2 yds. to go on the Steeler 38-yd. line, Patriot Offensive Coach Red Miller called a play to test the steeliest nerves: Grogan faked a hand off, dropped back to pass and saw Francis roaming alone on the left sideline. The rangy end had sliced from the right side through the heavy traffic of Steeler linebackers and was running free. Grogan strong-armed a perfect pass, and Francis went into the end zone untouched. When Francis turned around, he banged face masks with Grogan, who had rocketed 45 yds. downfield to congratulate him. It was a journey most quarterbacks never take and expressed the new Patriot spirit more eloquently than words. The New Englanders were back in the game. They won 30-27, and were on their way.

When the Pats returned from Pittsburgh, they found an airport crowd to greet them, where once they would have been lucky to find their luggage. Ebulient fans roared they would go all the way to the Super Bowl with "Grogan's

heroes," but a minefield of a schedule lies ahead. New England comes up against AFC East Division powers on four straight weekends: Miami, Baltimore and Buffalo twice. The Patriots are thin on the bench: one or two key injuries could end their dream. That happened in 1974, when, after a 5-0 start, they sank to 7-7.

First Downings. The big question mark is defense. Coach Chuck Fairbanks used two first-round draft picks to solidify a porous secondary. Top Choices Mike Haynes and Tim Fox have fulfilled their promise, successfully defending against the bombs that once exploded in the deep zones. Linebacker Steve Nelson leads Fairbanks' 3-4 defensive alignment, a configuration that allows for more mobility. Still, it is not an overpowering defense, and defense is the key to championship hopes.

But after so many long sere winters of football, with three straight upsets, New England is entitled to savor a rush of promise. Scalpers are now busy outside Schaefer Stadium. In the locker room, there are the dawning of belief that today's giant killers could indeed become tomorrow's giants.

'Just Doing What I Know Best'

A less likely candidate for stardom in Boston than Steven James Grogan would be hard to find. Bostonians, proper or improper, are accustomed to outsize heroes with outsize skills—Ted Williams, Bill Russell, Bobby Orr and, yes, even Jim Plunkett. The quiet, country-bred young man from Ottawa, Kansas (pop. 11,000), resembles none of these demigods; yet he has already begun to exert his own spell on the Hub, its congeries of suburbs and that state of mind known as New England. For beneath his placid exterior, a competitive fire burns. Says Patriot Coach Chuck Fairbanks, who saw it early: "His eyes light up when it's time to play."

Steve Grogan, 23, came into town last year with as much hoopla and advance warning as fog in Boston Harbor, a fifth-round draft pick from Kansas State. He was an all-round athlete back home in Ottawa, but even then he was never with a winner. Says he: "There were four elementary schools in town and each one had a team. One school always had the biggest team, and it wasn't us."

Grogan's standout performance with a dismal Kansas State team tickled pro interest, until he spent his senior season fighting an arm-numbing pinched nerve. Fairbanks remembered his first-class junior year and finally tapped him in the later round. But a cautious examination had proved him medically sound, so he came to the Patriots with small expectations. Says Grogan:

"I hoped just to hang on, to make the team behind Plunkett and then maybe be traded a couple of years later."

Instead it was Plunkett who was traded and Grogan who inherited a maturing team carefully drafted by Fairbanks. A lanky 6-ft. 4-in. blond string-bank whose 205 lbs. seem insubstantial until padded by his uniform, Grogan has grown fast. His passing, still occasionally pitched too high, has improved greatly. But it is his timely running that marks him. "When I run some, I get to feel I'm more part of the game," Grogan says. "I was raised running the football. I'm just doing what I know to do best."

Grogan knows little and cares less about the sophisticated Boston scene. He rarely ventures beyond the Patriots' headquarters in suburban Foxboro. Besides, Back Bay is hardly the style of a man whose cowboy boots were scuffed not by walking sidewalks but by trudging over furrows. As he puts it in Grogan plain-style: "We don't have anything like Boston in Kansas."

Nor has Boston ever had a quarterback quite like the Kansan. Against the Steelers, he refused to be intimidated by Dwight White, 50 lbs. heavier, who mocked him after a play lost yardage. A cool Grogan stuck a warning fist into White's back. "Aw, I wouldn't hit anyone," says Grogan. "They're bigger than I am. But I am a little faster, though." A little faster has made a big difference in Boston.



QUIET QUARTERBACK STEVE GROGAN

Polaroid

A New

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Eyeball and Earthly Paradise

The welter of museum activity provoked by the Bicentennial seems to have produced only two shows likely to be of lasting value in the study of American culture. One was "The European Vision of America" (TIME, Dec. 12, 1975), seen last winter at the National Gallery in Washington. The other—a collection of 153 paintings entitled "The Natural Paradise: Painting in America 1800-1950"—opened last week at New York's Museum of Modern Art. Organized by MOMA's painting curator Kynaston Mc-

Some have gone far toward the North Pole, to invade the haunts of the iceberg with their inquisitive and unsparing eyes—some have gone to the far West, where Nature plays with the illimitable and grand—some have become tropically mad, and are pursuing a sketch up and down the Cordilleras, through Central America and down the Andes. If such is the spirit and persistency of American art, we may well promise ourselves good things for the future.

The "good things" are on MOMA's walls, in plenty, along with a number of revealing oddities. Who would have thought that George Catlin, that dependable journeyman who labored so hard to record the dying Indian tribes on his journeys across America in the 1840s, would produce landscape studies—a low band of earth, a luminous veil of sky—that look like Rothkos? Who would expect Church, the most spectacular practitioner of the 19th century sublime, to paint as downright a piece of patriotic kitsch as *Our Banner in the Sky*, where a gaunt tree and a streaky sunset compose themselves into a double image of Old Glory streaming from its pole?

Inevitably, the big 19th century landscapes furnish most of the drama of the show. Their medium is light, perceived in elaborately religious terms as the direct speech of God. Very little in 19th century European painting, except for J.M.W. Turner and John Martin, prepares us for the burst of patriarchal radiance that fills Bierstadt's *Sunset in the Yosemite Valley*, 1868. The sun is hidden

by a crag as though it were the unspeakable name of Yahweh. When Frederic Church painted *Cotopaxi*, 1862, he deliberately invoked the creation of the world—a panorama of sifting red light, boiling vapors, lakes emptying over the abyss, and a volcano in the background. Even when it was less convulsive than a Mexican volcano or the sliding lip of Niagara Falls, American nature could and did provide feelings of intense religiosity. A painting like Sanford Gifford's *Kauterskill Falls*, 1862, with its vast panorama of woods dissolving in gold light, is a visual counterpart to Emerson's ecstasies in the forest three dec-

ades earlier: "I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all, the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or parcel of God."

Heady stuff, but American transcendentalism was persistent and—so the exhibition argues—it survived the impact of modernism. The authority of the landscape remained, as did the artists' meditations on primitive nature and the origins of consciousness. Reams of exegesis have been devoted to the numinous imagery of Mark Rothko's paintings, with their feathery bars and rectangles of hovering light. The vital text, however, was unwittingly furnished by a popular American preacher in the 1920s, when asked to describe his vision of God, "I see him," said the evangelist, "as a sort of oblong blur."

Relay Station. The same Romantic awe at the rolling ocean that fills Albert Pinkham Ryder's *Tailors of the Sea*, 1880, runs through the work of John Marin right up to his death in 1953. It also provides an essential clue to early Pollock. The immense, horizontal stillness of 19th century plains landscape floods the work of Georgia O'Keeffe: "That was my country—terrible winds and a wonderful emptiness." The paintings of Augustus Vincent Tack (1870-1949), an artist ignored by the histories of American art, now seem the obvious relay station between the crags and glaciers of the 19th century sublime and the jagged forms of Clyfford Still. To a New York audience, Tack's extraordinarily subtle paintings, which mediate between abstraction and landscape imagery, will seem almost familiar—because they predict and predate so much American painting of the '50s. Even the rhetoric is familiar: one finds Tack in 1920 describing a "valley...walled in by an amphitheatre of mountains as colossal as to seem an adequate setting for the Last Judgment."

So "The Natural Paradise" offers a most refreshing reading of American landscape in general, and abstract expressionism in particular. It will help dispose of what Art Historian Robert Rosenblum calls the "art-historical mythology" of modern American art—the idea that abstract expressionism amounted to a total break with earlier American painting, a leap from the closet of fumbling provinciality. One can believe this only at the expense of ignoring what the pictures are actually about. That happened in the 1960s, under the rule of formalist criticism, which addressed itself only to the form of art at the expense of its meaning. But a show like this forcibly argues that abstract expressionism was, in its way, as much an art of subject matter as was 19th century landscape—and beneath the differences of period dress, the subjects appear much the same.

Robert Hughes



GEORGIA O'KEEFFE'S BLACK CROSS, NEW MEXICO
"Terrible winds and a wonderful emptiness."

Shine, it sets out to expose a hidden thread in American art, the umbilical cord that connects such abstract expressionists as Jackson Pollock and Mark Rothko with the landscapists of the 19th century, like Albert Bierstadt and Edwin Church.

Tropical Madness. The tradition of Romantic landscape, with its vistas of beetling crags, waterfalls and floods of primordial light, rose from the vision of untouched America as a new Eden, the manifest handiwork of God. "Artists," a journalist noted in 1859, "are now scattered, like leaves or thistle blossoms, over the whole face of the country



Albert Pinkham Ryder's "Toilers of the Sea," circa 1880-84

Albert Bierstadt's "Sunset in the Yosemite Valley," 1868



Mark Rothko's "Number 22," 1949





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 **ALCOA**

Bah-bar-ah's Bow

Every working day, Barbara Walters would rise before dawn, stagger into a waiting limousine and make it to the NBC studios in time to have her hair done for the *Today* show. One day last week she slept until 7, had breakfast with her daughter Jacqueline, 8, washed her hair in the kitchen sink of her midtown Manhattan apartment and took a taxi to work. That day there was something else new in her routine. Four months and uncounted fan-magazine headlines after she left *Today*, Walters faced the television public for the first time in her new \$1 million-a-year job on the ABC *Evening News*. Reported the rookie anchor woman afterward: "About two sec-

must tell you quite frankly, Bah-bar-ah," said the helpful newsmaker. "This is for the first time." He later congratulated her on her "million-dollar job" and noted somewhat wistfully that he earns a minuscule \$12,000. Given time for a debut statement of her own, Walters promised viewers "the best darn news program on the air."

The format ABC has fashioned around its new evening star may not be the best, but it is as personalized as Walters' wearily recognizable delivery (*WR* substitution, speech therapists call it). She was allowed to display her interviewing talents with Sadat two nights in a row, with a Pennsylvania health official (about fallout in the state from a Chinese nuclear test last month) and

sen rating by a single point: a reasonable prospect—the network can hike its rates for commercial spots on the show by some \$2,000 a minute, or \$2 million a year—which would yield ABC a nice 100% profit on its Walters investment.

Arizona Invasion Force

On the 13th floor of the Adams Hotel in downtown Phoenix, there is an unmarked suite, guarded by a security man and bristling with typewriters, telephones, dictating and duplicating equipment. Last week the first of some 18 investigative reporters from 14 papers across the U.S. began drifting into that mini-city room to start the most remarkable journalistic joint effort since Woodward met Bernstein.

What drew them to Phoenix was the death of Don Bolles, 47, the *Arizona Republic* investigative reporter killed four months ago when a bomb blew up his car. Bolles had for years been digging into local political corruption and organized crime. On June 2 he was finally lured to his death by a telephone tipster who claimed to be offering information on a land-sales fraud. Now Bolles' colleagues of the IRI (Investigative Reporters and Editors Association) will try to pick up where he left off. "We're not here to catch Don Bolles' killer," says Michael Wendland of the *Detroit News* (A local race-dog breeder goes on trial for the murder next week.) "We know something is very, very rotten in the state of Arizona, and we want to find out how it got that way."

The reporters, who are among 50 or so members of the year-old group, came to that conclusion within days after the killing of Bolles, who was also a member. So far, they have raised some \$20,000 for the venture (the goal \$50,000). They have chosen as their leader Robert Greene, whose investigative task forces at Long Island's *Newsday* have won two Pulitzer Prizes. The IRI volunteers plan to publish the results of the investigation simultaneously in their 14 papers next January.

Guns for Dope. To avoid teletyping their punches to possible targets of inquiry, the reporters refuse to discuss their activities publicly. Privately they complain of being snubbed by some Arizona journalists, harassed by crank calls and pressured by their editors to finish early and come home. No matter. The reporters say they have already dug up enough new information to turn the project from vindication of a slain colleague into a valuable story in its own right. "We've learned that heroin dealers in Arizona are selling guns to Mexican guerrillas in exchange for dope," reports one member. Says another: "It's not just Arizona. We've followed leads into six other states. It's a hell of a story."



HARRY REASONER & BARBARA WALTERS AFTER HER FIRST A.B.C. *EVENING NEWS* BROADCAST. Chitchat, self-help and interviews, but none dare call it show biz.

onds before we went on the air. I thought, 'Pleese, God...' but that was all the time I had to think about it."

The Deity's Nielsen habits are unknown, but in cities where overnight ratings were available, nearly twice as many mortals as usual were watching ABC, and as many as watched CBS and NBC combined. Walters' debut was as crisp as a new \$100 bill. That, incidentally, is about what she makes for every minute on the newscast, and she earned it. Walters fluffed nary a line, and even had two modest opening-night scoops. Newly deposed Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz suggested by telephone shortly before air time that Jimmy Carter should follow his example and resign for using lewd language. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat disclosed in a taped interview via satellite that he had been asked to send troops into Lebanon. I

with several ABC correspondents. She spoke to all of them over a 24-in. television screen on the show's aseptic-looking silvery gray set. Walters also introduced a somewhat staid filmed report on how to locate runaway fathers, part of the show's new emphasis on self-help information, and she managed some chitchat with Partner Harry Reasoner.

Welcome Back. None dare call it show biz, but that new and less hard-nosed combination of interviews, news-you-can-use features and ad libbing is being watched closely by CBS and NBC, which now largely serve their news straight, thank you. To their relief, Walters' ratings dipped after opening night, and on Tuesday NBC's David Brinkley opened his network's show by greeting viewers with, "Welcome back." But if enough curious Walters watchers stick around to lift ABC's evening news Niel-



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For the past several years, there has been considerable concern about smoking and its effects on human health.

Now, scientific research indicates that smoking may also reduce blood levels of vitamin C. According to recent studies, blood levels of this important vitamin are as much as 30 percent lower in smokers than in non-smokers.

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A New "Third World"

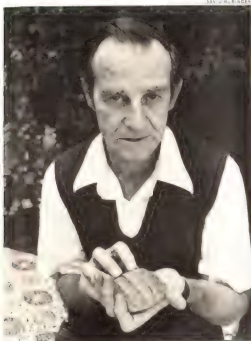
Historians have long regarded Egypt and Mesopotamia as the major civilizations of the biblical Near East. Now they must recognize an ancient "third world." A pair of Italian scientists has uncovered a veritable treasure trove of clay tablets at Ebla in northern Syria. Their discovery does more than provide documentary evidence of a little-known kingdom that existed between 2400 and 2250 B.C.; it also provides the best evidence to date that some of the people described in the Old Testament actually existed. To some scholars, the find may ultimately rank with

tence paid off even more handsomely when the expedition began to uncover the outer rooms of the royal palace. In one room, the archaeologists found 1,000 tablets inscribed in both Sumerian and a hitherto unknown Canaanite dialect they dubbed Eblaite. In another room, which appears to have been an archive, they found 14,000 tablets.

Biblical Connections. The tablets reflect a sophisticated system of keeping records. They include texts on Ebla's polytheistic religion, and renditions of treaties and trade agreements between Ebla and city-states in the region. The tablets also reveal much about Eblan life and customs, including that one king had 38 sons and that the penalty for raping a virgin was death. Collectively, they paint a picture of a powerful Semitic civilization that reached from the Red Sea to Turkey and east to Mesopotamia. Says David Noel Freedman, a University of Michigan archaeologist who worked with the Italians: "It is as if we were suddenly to find out about Rome and the Roman Empire."

The biblical connections appear to be numerous. The tablets contain accounts of the creation and the flood, which are strikingly similar to those found in both the Old Testament and Babylonian literature. They refer to a place called Urusalima, which scholars say is clearly Ebla's name for Jerusalem. (If so, it is unquestionably the earliest known reference to the Holy City, predating others by hundreds of years.) They make frequent mention of Ebrum, or Eber, who is identified in the *Book of Genesis* as the great-great-great grandfather of the patriarch Abraham. "We always thought of ancestors like Eber as symbolic," says Freedman. "Nobody ever regarded them as historic—at least not until these tablets were found. Fundamentalists could have a field day with this one."

Field Day. In fact, nobody has really had a field day over the finds yet. Fearing that Syria might take exception to the biblical aspects of the discoveries and hamper further exploration, the Italian archaeologists have been slow to publicize their discoveries. But the international community of archaeologists and biblical scholars has heard enough already to begin murmuring with excitement. Matthiae and Pettinato will arrive in the U.S. this month for a speaking tour. Whatever they reveal, it cannot be all. The Italians have excavated only a few of the 140 acres that once were Ebla. It may take 200 years to explore the rest



FREEDMAN WITH CUNEIFORM TABLET

Like suddenly discovering the Roman Empire.

the 1947 discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

The existence of the Eblan kingdom was not unknown; ancient Sumerian, Akkadian and Egyptian texts refer to it. However, Paolo Matthiae, 36, and Giovanni Pettinato, 41, both of the University of Rome, were the first to explore Ebla's ruins, which they located some 30 miles south of modern Aleppo. In 1964 Matthiae began digging into the 50-ft.-high mound of dry, dusty dirt that covered the ancient city. It was not until 1968 that the team's mining began to produce archaeological ore: a statue bearing the name of a king of Ebla. Six years later the excavations yielded a cache of 42 tablets covered with cuneiform writing.

Last fall the Italian pair's persis-

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The Fall Girl

The oil lamp tipped over, igniting the heroine's cape in a blaze of fire. Could Actress Lisa Blount survive the scene on the set of Universal's new film, *9/30/55*? Actually, Blount could not. No fool when it comes to playing with fire, she had gladly turned the role over to Stunt Woman Kitty O'Neil. The nimble O'Neil took the heat, then casually waved Blount back onto the set.

It was all routine for O'Neil, 28, who also blithely falls off buildings, gets roughed up in fight scenes and tumbles from speeding cars on *Quincy, Gemini Man* and *Baretta*, among other television shows. Doubling for a villain on the *Bionic Woman*, she speeds neck and neck with Lindsay Wagner in a dune-buggy chase before losing spectacularly in a sandy somersault. In *Airport 77*, a recycled crash caper, she torpedoes through the high waters of a flooding aircraft cabin to rescue a small boy.

Delicately pretty, O'Neil has been in the business only a few months, yet already she holds the record for the highest stunt fall by a woman (105 ft) and is considered among the best of the 40 stunt women in Hollywood. Says Loren Jones, a Hollywood stunt coordinator for 23 years: "She has developed in six months to a point that usually requires two to three years. She is very calm, cool and collected under pressure." Crashing through barriers in more ways than one,

O'Neil and veteran Stunt Woman Janet Brady were elected last month as the first female members of Stunts Unlimited, an organization whose members perform 70% of the stunt work in movies and television.

Speed Freak. At 5 ft 3 in and 100 lbs., O'Neil hardly looks hardy enough to be a fall girl. But lack of size is not the most surprising thing about her. O'Neil has been deaf since infancy. Her mother, a full-blooded Cherokee, taught her to lip read and helped her through public school in Wichita Falls, Texas. Always athletic, O'Neil began studying diving at the age of 15 with Dr. Sammy Lee, a two-time Olympic gold medal winner. Just when her Olympic prospects looked good, she was stricken with spinal meningitis; doctors said she would be paralyzed for life.

But O'Neil overcame that affliction and moved on to her next sports: motorcycle and car racing. A total speed freak, she has raced bikes, sports cars, dragsters and dune buggies. While revving up her motorcycle engine at a rally one day, she met Stunt Man Duffy Hambleton. 39. Marriage followed, and O'Neil became a housewife. But not for long. She soon got bored staying home, and in 1974 O'Neil began a rigorous two-year training program under Hambleton to become a stunt woman.

Says Hambleton of his wife-student: "She is completely fearless." He thinks that O'Neil's deafness may be an asset

As he explains it, "On a crowded movie set, it's very difficult to concentrate to get your timing down. Kitty is not distracted by the sounds around her." So far, O'Neil has suffered only one injury on a set. In a fight scene on NBC's *Quincy*, she was thrown to the ground by a stocking-masked villain. Instead of falling on her behind, as planned, she landed on her head. Recalls O'Neil, matter-of-factly: "I saw stars."

O'Neil's work fails to satisfy her appetite for danger. In her spare time these days she pilots a hydrogen peroxide-propelled rocket car across a dried-out lake bed. With the biblical symbol of the cross and fish emblazoned on her white jumpsuit, highly religious O'Neil recently set an unofficial women's record for land speed by hitting 358.1 m.p.h. Her next goal is to top the men's record of 622 m.p.h.—a tougher even for a 100-lb. superwoman like the likes of O'Neil.

Fernwood Follies

"I want to be a plant," drones a glassy-eyed Mary Hartman from the Fernwood Receiving Hospital's mental ward. Who could blame her? As a pig-tailed Fernwood housewife on television's most talked-about series last season, Mary's doorstep had been darkened by adultery, impotence, venereal disease and an ax murderer, not to mention waxy build-up on her kitchen floor. No wonder Mary went bonkers on the show's closing episode. So what is next for poor Mary and her loopy friends in the new season that premiered last week? It does not sound therapeutic.

As the world turns on *Mary Hartman*, Mary Hartman this season, the eight-year-old Rev. Jimmy Joe Jeeter, boy evangelist, comes to a sorry end when a television set rigged up over his bathtub falls in and electrocutes him. "He died for the 6:30 news, I ord. For the sins of the 6:30 news," wails Mary's friend Loretta Haggars, who happened to be out of the room at the crucial moment. Hunting for the reverend's rubber duck. Meanwhile, Loretta's oversexed husband Charlie—shot in the groin in a tussle with Jimmy Joe's dad, Merle Jeeter—prepares stoically for television's first testicle transplant. As for good ole Merle, he becomes a "born-again" politician. Also tripping into view will be a Miss Tippytoes, a glamorous CB radio freak who Mary thinks has a handle on her husband Tom. Then there is Gore Vidal, who visits Fernwood to see if there is a book in the larger meaning of Mary's breakdown. Says Norman Lear, executive producer of *MH2*: "My bent as a mature human is to entertain with the material that life affords." Oh.

*This season 125 stations are carrying the syndicated show, up from 80 last season.



O'NEIL DONS STUNT CLOTHES BEFORE FLAMES ENGULF HER

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Waiting for Death

During the summer, Texas prison officials decided that the time had come. They installed a new wiring system in "Old Sparky," the state's natural-oak electric chair. The electric chairs in Georgia and Florida were also rewired and got other minor repairs. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court cleared the way for their return to use. On the first day after the summer recess, the nine Justices announced that they would not reconsider their ruling of last July upholding the constitutionality of capital-punishment murder statutes in the three states.* The Justices forthwith lifted a stay that had been in effect since July,

year. Georgia Governor George Busbee pledged last week to automatically grant a stay of execution to any clemency applicant until he can have his hearing. Moreover, Savannah Lawyer Bobby Hill, who has successfully fought the death penalty many times, announced that he would represent any condemned prisoner in Georgia who asks for help. Hill vowed to take each case back to the original convicting court and crank out every appeal imaginable.

The N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, which led the nationwide legal attack on the death penalty, also plans to help anyone on death row who turns to it. The organization has already prepared a new version of the "last aid" kit that

"The mood around here is pessimistic determination," says David Kendall, who supervises the L.D.F. battle, "but we'll go on defending our indigent clients as long as we can." The anti-death lawyers are already living with the fear and certainty that sooner or later they will fail to save someone. When that happens, the moratorium on executions in the U.S., which began in 1967, will end. States that do not pass the constitutional test will likely make changes to meet the court's new requirements. So far two states have already enacted such statutes. But the challenges they almost surely face mean that Florida, Georgia and Texas are likely to execute first.



ONE OF FLORIDA'S DEATH ROW INMATES, GEORGE YASIL, 17, IN HIS CELL. In Texas, the chilling reality is only now sinking in.

and put 183 convicted killers in immediate peril of their lives.

No executions are probable, however, for at least four months and perhaps much longer. Texas Attorney General John Hill predicted that it would be at least two years before all the appeals are completed and the first execution could happen in his state. Like many in the U.S., Texas death row prisoners had seemed almost not to believe that capital punishment would really return. With last week's final Supreme Court decision, reality has begun to sink in. The long-expected individual appeals will now start inundating Hill's office.

In Florida and Georgia, officials are not sure how soon executions might start. Both states have clemency-hearing provisions that could keep the condemned alive at least until early next

it once sent to lawyers whose clients faced death in a matter of hours or days. The kit includes motions for a stay, habeas corpus forms and the like. The L.D.F. has now been forced back to the vast task of a case by case attack on individual death sentences. One tactic will be to claim that a particular sentence was the consequence of racial or economic discrimination; another will be to argue that it was arbitrarily imposed.

Fail to Save. Since the Supreme Court has specifically endorsed the death penalty in only these three states, the capital punishment laws of 31 others are still in dispute. The court has struck down laws that rigidly apply the death sentence for specific offenses. Instead, it has approved only those statutes under which judges or juries get adequate information about each individual and his offense to use in making the life-or-death sentence decision.

Uncle Strikes Back

The bust took 18 months of sleuthing. Starting with a tip in late 1974, federal investigators painstakingly pieced together the facts of an intricate \$20 million Medicaid scheme and indicted 16 people in Chicago two weeks ago. By last week six of them had pleaded guilty, and one indicted doctor had committed suicide. The case is the latest example of the fastest-growing form of white-collar crime: ripping off Uncle Sam's multibillion-dollar social-welfare programs. But with the Chicago indictments, Uncle also served notice that he is finding new ways to strike back.

After an Illinois public aid worker first reported his suspicions, U.S. Attorney Sam ("the Hammer") Skinner, 38, put two lawyers and three FBI agents on the case virtually full time. They found a tangle of doctors, clinics, medical labs and pharmacies that hauled in fat Government payments and fed kickbacks to one another for unnecessary or fictional patient examinations, clinic visits, tests and prescriptions. The investigation was maddeningly difficult because both patients and personnel at the ghetto health centers tended to be transient, and the fraudulent paper work involved was hard to track in the disarray of federal and state bureaucracies. But Skinner quickly became convinced that he had "just scratched the surface." So 15 months ago, he created the Governmental Frauds Unit—first federal effort of its kind in the nation.

Thus far it has secured some 100 criminal charges and 50 convictions, with many of the cases still in the works. Skinner judges the unit so successful, he recently expanded the original staff of four lawyers to nine. The young attorneys (average age: 30) are able to do much of their own investigating, which lets "us go looking for trouble," says Skinner. They use such standard devices as offers of immunity or plea bargaining to get their information, and they have found a new tool: the 1970 Rack-

*It will decide this term whether death can be a constitutional punishment for rape.



U.S. ATTORNEY SKINNER
Moral fiber or "get mine."

eteer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations statutes (RICO). Originally aimed at the Mafia, the laws provide for the seizure of certain of a convicted offender's assets in addition to fines and prison terms. The aim: to put the defrauders out of business as well as punish them.

No Questions. Skinner is currently trying to RICO not only the accused Medicaid-fraud conspirators but a group of five nursing homes and two pharmacies also charged with Medicaid fraud, and Chicago's Tyler Barber College. The barber school scam particularly rouses Skinner. It involves allegedly false Veterans Administration claims from dozens of otherwise "good citizens": firemen, policemen, Chicago transit workers and Federal Government employees who shared their VA monthly education benefits (\$216 to \$398) with the school but never went to class or snipped a hair. Worries Skinner: "With the potential for fraud so easy, the 'get mine' attitude can spread. It can destroy the moral fiber of a community."

Despite the enormous number of forms required in such programs, complains Unit Chief Bill Elsbery, 31, "Government has made little effort to check the validity of the payout. If a bill is submitted, questions are rarely asked." Skinner agrees. Says he: "As long as Congress continues to mandate new programs without adequate controls, the problem will be with us. It is a gold mine for rip-off." But he cites one cause for hope. Deputy Attorney General Harold Tyler, who heads a Justice Department committee on white-collar crime, met recently with top officials of federal departments to plan a nationwide attack on the problem. The lessons and tactics learned by the Skinner squad should make the assault easier.

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K...l Milds	13	0.8
S...m Lights	12	0.9
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Unless something is done about it, people may see a \$3,400 bill when they have a baby in 1997.

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That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans, working with doctors and hospitals across the country, have introduced a number of programs designed to help slow down dramatically rising health care costs.

What we are doing to hold down rising health care costs.

Many Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans have programs that allow qualified patients to be discharged from the hospital sooner. The hospital provides whatever medical services they need *at home*. At a cost far lower than that of an extra day—or days—in the hospital.

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A third cost-cutting program in many areas is encouraging certain kinds of surgery to be performed on an "in by nine, out by five" basis. By getting the patient back home the same day, it's easier on him. And on his pocketbook, too.

We're also working with doctors' review committees to make sure that the medical procedure and tests provided are really needed. It's a cooperative

effort that's saving us all millions of dollars each year. And we're also working with various planning agencies to help make sure only needed services are available.

All of these are steps that can help hold down rising health care costs. Whether or not they will depends on the cooperation of each and every one of us.

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The closer you watch every health care dollar, the less increase you may have in the rates you pay for health coverage. Ask for—and *use*—the kind of cost-cutting programs we've described here.

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Rite of Maturation

Nothing testifies to the growing up of a regional American opera company quite like a world premiere. With a big floodlight pawing a cloudy Detroit sky, the Michigan Opera Theater enjoyed this rite of maturation last week. On most grounds, the company's choice of a composer could not be faulted: New York City's Thomas Pasatieri, 30, is as hot a property in regional opera as Neil Simon is on Broadway. Pasatieri has written 13 operas and had most of them performed, either in cities like Seattle, Houston and Baltimore or on television.

His latest, a two-act *Washington Square* based on the Henry James novel, lies somewhere between his best (*The Seagull*, 1974) and worst (the pretentious *Ines de Castro* (TIME, April 12). Subdivided into 16 fast-moving scenes by Librettist Kenward Elmslie, *Washington Square* is a reasonably adroit telling of the frustrating events in the life of Heiress Catherine Sloper, touchingly portrayed by New York City Soprano Catherine Malfitano. What it lacks is the dry-point voice of James himself. Some good music might have helped. Alas, the problem is not so much that Pasatieri dares to write old-fashioned melodies but that his melodies are awful.

Big Fat Lady. *Washington Square* did, however, show off the Michigan Opera Theater company splendidly. It is the creation of David DiChiera, 40, a Ph.D. (musicology) from U.C.L.A., who arrived in Michigan in 1962 to help develop a performing-arts program at Oakland University outside Detroit. DiChiera immediately took over a small group called Overture to Opera. Prior to the Metropolitan Opera's annual spring visits to Detroit, Overture to Op-

era visited schools and community centers in the area, explaining the works on the Met's agenda and doing cameo scenes in English. By 1971 DiChiera had developed enough support to launch a permanent resident opera company. DiChiera, the son of an immigrant Italian steelworker, chose the name Michigan Opera Theater to get away, as he put it, from the image of opera as that of "some big fat lady warbling her lungs off in a language nobody understands."

Every opera—Tosca, Boris Godunov, *Così fan Tutte*—is done in English, and the emphasis on believable stagecraft is high. Not surprisingly, total ticket sales jumped from 3,000 in 1971-72 to 35,000 last season. The company's home is the refurbished Music Hall, a 1,800-seat theater built in 1928 with Dodge-family automobile money. Michigan Opera Theater shares the premises with the three-year-old Music Hall Center for the Performing Arts, which attracts an ever growing number (200,000 last season) of customers a year with its dance and theater attractions. DiChiera is also the artistic director of the center. Says he: "I came to Detroit originally because the place was such virgin territory." Not any more.

William Bender

The Rotgut Life

No American rock group works harder or equals the decibel level of Lynyrd Skynyrd, a band of seven Southerners who seldom see their homes outside Jacksonville. An energetic blend of English heavy metal and funky, rural blues, Skynyrd's music occasionally dominates its lyrics, but their teeny-tot fans like it that way. The group, named after the members' high school gym teacher (perversely spelled but phonetically pronounced), has sold more than 3 million albums. Its fifth LP, *One More from the Road*, has recorded sales of 350,000 copies since its release four weeks ago.

Most pop bands must tour constantly to stay afloat, and Skynyrd's "torture tours" are legend. Occasionally the group will give 250 concerts during 300 days on the road. During one 95-day stretch in 1975, they did 88 one-nighters. Last week they traveled through four Western states, giving five concerts in seven days. The ceaseless motion soon takes its psychic toll. "After a while you turn dingy," says Vocalist Ronnie Van Zant, 27. "Your mind and body won't take it."

Morning-after blues are a particular problem. But a quick Dexamyl, followed by several white crosses (bennies), puts one right for breakfast. A little Scotch on the bus mellow the transition between motel rooms, and a bottle of champagne primes one for the performance. "This is a rotgut life, but why



LYNYRD SKYNYRD GUITARIST
Legendary "torture tours."

worry?" smiles Van Zant. "We attract mostly drunk people and rowdy kids who come to shake."

The main release for the group is simple violence. Between them the members of the band have chalked up over a dozen arrests on such charges as assaulting a police officer and possession of amphetamines. Last year Skynyrd ruined more than half the exercise machines at Nashville's Spence Manor Hotel. During a recent trip to Bristol, England, Van Zant threw an oak table out a fifth-story hotel window. "We were just having fun, letting off pressure," he remarked afterward. "It was funny when the cops came in and looked at us like we were mad dogs." But it wasn't so funny several months ago at New York's Beacon Theater, when Bass Player Leon Wilkeson tossed his smashed guitar into the audience, lacerating the face of a girl in the front row.

Drummer Artimus Pyle's recent target was the Macon Hilton, which failed to include sugar with its room-service order of iced tea. "First I demolished the louvered doors," he recalls. "I tried to throw the TV out the window, but it wouldn't fit. So I splintered everything else." He sighs. "Whew, it always feels better without that tension."

Impromptu Pillage. With a \$40,000 line of credit, plus \$2,000 pocket cash carried to take care of impromptu pillage, Road Manager Ron Eckerman, 24, promptly pays damage bills averaging \$1,000 a month. That does not heal all wounds. In many cities, none of the major hotels will rent rooms to Lynyrd Skynyrd. When the band is booked in Atlanta, for example, they stay at a resort an hour's drive from the city. Wilkeson is not concerned. "We're hot now," he says. "Let's keep running."

DICHIERA & PASATIERI IN DETROIT





LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



CINEMA

His brother Doc is involved with Szell, a fact that Babe learns only when Doc comes staggering into his student digs, dying from a crevice that has been carved across his abdominal region. It is not long before Babe finds himself enduring the dental ministrations of Szell, suffering horribly while the Nazi performs some impromptu root-canal work in an attempt to extract information that Babe does not possess.

Watching Dustin Hoffman write in the dental chair is no one's idea of a good time, but Director Schlesinger brings off some excellent set pieces, a bloody *mano a mano* between two homicidal operatives in a Paris hotel room. Hoffman, a shell-shocked amateur, besieged in his own bathroom by highly efficient adversaries. The movie, like its unwilling hero, has untapped reserves of energy, much of it frittered away in incidental sermonizing (Devane, snidely, "I love my country"; Olivier, ironically, "So did we all"). Threading its way through big-city blight (garbage strike in Paris, baggage strike at J.F.K. Airport in New York) and leaden irony (Olivier pursued through Manhattan's 47th Street diamond district, where Jewish merchants abound), the movie sets its own reckless obstacle course. It is a tight race all the way between action and pretension and, at the end, a photo finish.

Jay Cocks

Shaggy-Man Story

MAD DOG

Directed and Written by PHILIPPE MORA

Knocking about the Australian outback around the middle of the past century was an Irishman, more than half-crazed, called Daniel Morgan. Paroled from prison after six years of "hard labor"—not to mention sodomitization, humiliation and deprivation—Morgan roamed the country stealing horses and robbing their riders. His only companion was an aboriginal boy named Billy, who taught him how to use a boomerang and live off the land like a bushman. Eventually Morgan killed a couple of policemen, and a fat £1,000 price was fixed on his head. By the time he ran up against the law for the last time, Morgan was working his way from highwayman to legend.

Rough Edges. This odd, disjointed *Down Under* western tries to duplicate the rough edges of a folk ballad, placing Morgan's exploits in a context that is both romantic and social. Much time is expended depicting the primitive qualities of colonial justice, while government authorities are depicted, predictably, as brutal lunatics. Superintendent Cobham of the Victorian police (played with flush, fruity menace by Frank Thring) supervises Morgan's eventual capture and execution, then ships his head to an



DENNIS HOPPER IN *MAD DOG*
In full woolly cry.

anatomy professor in Melbourne. The professor has a curious theory—he thinks Morgan could be halfape. The superintendent keeps Morgan's scrotum as a souvenir for himself, believing it will make a good conversation piece and a practical tobacco pouch.

Dennis Hopper, in full woolly cry, does rather well as Morgan. The relationship between Morgan and the aborigine Billy is intriguing, and David Gulpilil (who appeared previously in Nicolas Roeg's excellent *Walkabout*) acts Billy with careful understanding. The depth of their friendship, and all of its meaning, is shunted aside in favor of

We will sell no wine before



sharpening up the same dull point: civilized man is the true primitive, and outlaws are ground down because they are creatures of pure, therefore intolerable freedom. The people who made this movie may have found a fresh scene in Australia, but what they really needed was a new theme.

J.C.

Shades of Madness

EDVARD MUNCH

Directed and Written by PETER WATKINS

The Norwegian artist Edvard Munch lived for 80 years and painted for most of them. His work—striking, fearful, startling—was the vanguard of expressionism; indeed, Munch is, with Van Gogh, frequently considered the progenitor of the whole movement. Peter Watkins' film of Munch's life concentrates solely on the artist's tormented early years.

Watkins first furnishes some rather elementary biographical details: Munch (Geir Westby) was born in Oslo in 1863, second of five children in a family much battered by medical tragedy. Denounced and vilified at the outset of his career, Munch was accepted, even extolled, as he grew older. Watkins also tries to tunnel into Munch's creative spirit, to watch him work and trace his themes of violent mortality and sexual betrayal to their psychic roots.

Along with this already daunting prospect, Watkins wants the audience to share Munch's own furious insights and tilted perceptions. So the movie becomes as gloom-ridden, as frightened and obsessive as the youthful artist himself. Watkins fragments the film, fords the stream of consciousness, forsaking the obvious for the magnification of a detail. The narration (read on the sound track by the director himself) informs us that Munch eventually developed agoraphobia. In a more conventional film, we would have been treated to scenes of the artist feeling down streets, cowering in his room. Not here. Once stated, the agoraphobia is established and—as far as the director is concerned—in no need even of illustration.

Sinister Sensuality. Watkins is more interested in establishing the sensual details of Munch's painting, the sound of a brush dashing paint, a blade peeling pigment off a canvas. Munch's formative affair with a married woman (Giro Fraasi) is here devoid of dramatics. Watkins wants us to absorb the colors and emotions of the affair direct from Munch's work, particularly from one, finished in 1893 and full of sinister sensuality, showing a woman leaning close over a man. The painting is titled *Lampire*. The director dwells on the haunted canvases with a sort of driven fascination, the way another film maker



GEIR WESTBY IN EDVARD MUNCH
Haunted canvases.

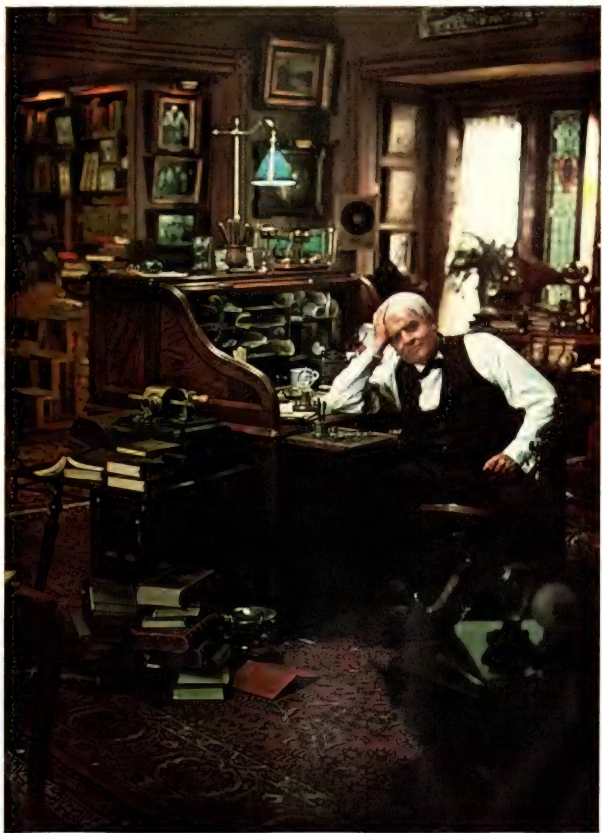
might linger over a scene of lovemaking.

The trouble with this ambitious, demanding movie—which lasts more than 2½ hours—is that it overreaches itself. Watkins attempts too much: he wants *Edvard Munch* to be biography and documentary, criticism and speculation, psychological analysis and lyric flight. In hopes of stirring an intensely subjective response from the audience, he forsakes lucidity and precision. The movie is reckless, a quality that is both exhilarating and, finally, defeating. Like Munch's art, however, it has an embattled, assaultive power that cannot be shaken.

J.C.

its time. Paul Masson





Thomas Edison, sitting at his desk at age 81, is reported to have said that Edison is the greatest inventor of all time. One of his inventions is the light bulb. He is also known for his work on the phonograph and the motion picture camera. He is often called the "Wizard of Menlo Park."

Thomas Edison invented the light bulb. But someone else really made it work.

Here's how we think Edison would have told it:

"When I developed that first light bulb in 1879, it was hailed as a miracle.

That bulb, incidentally, was really the start of the General Electric Company.

It didn't take too long for people to start finding fault with the miracle.

Some people said it was too red. Or too hot. Too dim. Or it burned out too quickly.

What was needed was a totally new kind of filament.

Which brings me to Dr. William Coolidge.

Dr. Coolidge and other scientists at General Electric's research lab thought the ideal filament would be made out of tungsten.

But tungsten was a metal more brittle than dry bone. More fragile than an eggshell. It couldn't be bent. It couldn't be shaped.

How then could it be turned into wire?

Will Coolidge didn't know much about metallurgy. But he wanted to give it a try.

Coolidge was a young man at the time. Good thing. Only a young man could have had the stamina to work at it for six long years.

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After six years and an infinite amount of patience, Dr. Coolidge had an answer. He turned tungsten into a wire one-sixth the thickness of a human hair and stronger than any substance known to man.

It was an enormous achievement. It's as if he had taken flour and turned it into a wire stronger than a steel cable.

And, by 1914, that wire was saving people more than 200 million dollars a year in electricity costs.

When Coolidge showed me that first piece of tungsten wire in the lab, he told me if he'd known anything about metallurgy, he never would have come up with the answer.

Because he would have known it couldn't be done."



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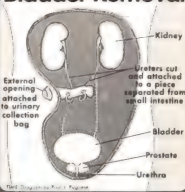
WEDNESDAY

H.H.H.'s Cystectomy

Shortly after he emerged from the operating room following six hours of surgery at Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center last week, Hubert Humphrey asked his wife, "Muriel, how are the polls coming out in Minnesota?" That joshing question by a Senator virtually assured of re-election told as much about his condition as his doctors' optimistic prognosis. Though a cancerous bladder had just been removed, the 65-year-old former Vice President had lost none of his spirit, loquaciousness and will to survive—physically or politically.

Probably 30,000 Americans will find out this year that they have cancer of the bladder, a disease that strikes three times as many men as women. But if it is caught early enough—as it apparently

Bladder Removal



was in Humphrey's case—the odds of beating it are better than even. Convinced that he had removed the entire tumor, a walnut-size growth at the base of the bladder, Humphrey's surgeon, Dr. Willet F. Whitmore, said confidently, "As far as we're concerned, the Senator is cured."

Prompt Treatment. Humphrey's chances were vastly improved by the fact that his doctors had been on the lookout for cancer ever since they had found and removed several pinhead-size nonmalignant growths in his bladder in 1968. Five years later, they discovered some new, possibly cancerous tissue, which was promptly treated with the anticancer drug thiotepa and sessions of X-ray therapy that took five minutes a day for five weeks. ("The worst experience in my life," Humphrey recalls.) The therapy worked and the Senator was found cancer-free for three years, but a recent examination at the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda for symptoms of a urinary-tract infection turned up a low-grade malignancy



The freshest thing about this bread is something his diet's had for centuries.

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MEDICINE

that the doctors decided clearly required surgery.

Advised by his physicians and encouraged by his friends, including Senator Edward Kennedy, who has been supporting an uphill fight to elect him Senate Democratic leader, Humphrey placed himself in the hands of Memorial's Whitmore. Leading the team of five doctors, Urologist Whitmore performed an extremely difficult operation that he had helped pioneer in the early 1950s with his old mentor, Dr. Victor Marshall of New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

Known as a radical cystectomy, it involved removal not only of the bladder (the body's reservoir for urine) but of other parts associated with the urinary tract as well: the prostate gland, the lymph nodes—which are being further examined to see if the cancer has spread to them—and fatty tissue around the bladder, and part of the urethra (the tube leading from the bladder through the penis). Such extensive surgery, Whitmore later explained, is routine in radical cystectomies (which his team performs at a rate of 80 to 100 a year), and does not mean that there is any malignancy beyond the bladder.

New Plumbing. To make up for the loss of the bladder, Whitmore had to install extensive new "plumbing." Taking the dangling ends of the ureters—the two tubes that normally carry the urine from the kidneys to the bladder—he connected them to a piece of "piping," or conduit made by snipping out a small piece of bowel. While preparing the conduit, Whitmore and his colleagues had to work with exceptional care, keeping intact the blood vessels feeding that excised section of small intestine. He then led the conduit to a small opening in Humphrey's skin that the surgical team had created just to the right of the navel. There, an external, flat plastic bag was attached (with glue), thus providing a urine reservoir that can be emptied at will.

If Humphrey's recovery proceeds as expected—two to three weeks in the hospital (at \$350 a day, largely covered by his federal medical insurance), a month or more of convalescence—he should be able to resume his political career. Except for the pouch, the navel-to-pubis scar and the virtually inevitable impotence that results from such surgery, Humphrey will have few reminders of his ordeal on the operating table. He will be able to eat whatever he wants, work vigorously and even engage in such noncontact sports as golf or tennis.

Still, he and his doctors will have to remain vigilant. As added insurance against any recurrence of cancer, the Memorial team may offer him an experimental postoperative regimen of two new anticancer drugs, cis platinum and cytosin. The objective: to kill any small clusters of cancerous cells that may have eluded the surgeon's scalpel.



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BOOKS



ERNEST & MARY HEMINGWAY IN KETCHUM, IDAHO, IN 1959, SHARING A TENT ON SAFARI IN KENYA

Mary's Museship

HOW IT WAS

by MARY WELSH HEMINGWAY
537 pages, Knopf, \$12.50.

The earthly Muses of literary men tend to follow a certain succession. The first wife gets to bear the babies. The next wife or two come in on the money and the fame. The poor last wife is left to serve as practical nurse to the Great Man's aches and pains and, as widow, play keeper to his flame.

Mary Welsh Hemingway, the fourth and last wife of Ernest Hemingway, was 36 and already twice married when she

bumped into Papa, then 44 and Jeep-bouncing in journalistic pursuit of World War II. The place was Paris, in the summer of 1944. The third time they met he declared, "I want to marry you," adding: "You're beautiful, like a May fly." Mary, a war correspondent for TIME, turned in her uniform and her press card to become Hemingway's "Pickle" or his "Kitten," as he referred to her in the mellow moments.

There were other moods. Even before they were married Hemingway also called her a "goddamn, smirking, useless female war correspondent." In the course of 17 long years (and these 537 long pages) he pronounced her a "camp-follower," a "scavenger" and a "slut," smashed her typewriter to the floor, threw wine in her face before friends, and hit her ("a slight slap to the jaw").

Charming Ruin. By 1950 Mary had had enough of "being swallowed" by her husband's voracious ego—of being merely an "appendage." In a letter to him she judged them both failures, blaming herself because "somehow I have lost your interest in me, your devotion and also your respect," blaming him for being "undisciplined."

But Hemingway could also be charming, especially when they were apart. During one month's absence he wrote her 20 letters and half a dozen cables. He profoundly needed his well-bruised Muse, and as a Muse, as well as a wife, Mary clearly was hooked. At Finca Vigia, Hemingway's "charming ruin" of a house in Cuba, she typed his manuscripts, answered letters, checked receipts, and ran a household that numbered four gardeners, a cook, a butler, a maid, a chauffeur (not to mention the dogs and cats). On the *Pilar*, Hemingway's beloved 38-ft. yacht, she was his fishing buddy. Everywhere—in the bullfight arenas of Spain, on safari in Africa, at Toots Shor's celebrity saloon in Man-

hattan—she was audience to an endless cycle of war stories and constant repetitions of his philosophies and jokes, including such trying catch phrases as "truly" (spoken in a "solemn voice") and "how do you like it now, gentlemen?"

Mary Hemingway's story, compiled from diaries and unpublished letters as well as memory, is often as jumbled as her life with Hemingway. A good deal of the time the author appeared to be running away from his worktable and the fearful knowledge that, increasingly, he was not the wordman he used to be. When all else failed, it seemed, he staged another accident. Broken bones, his and hers, are painfully scattered through the book, from ski spills in Italy to the famous plane crash in Africa in 1954. In the intervals of self-awareness Hemingway described himself as a "desperate old man."

Bad News. During Mary's muse-ship Hemingway wrote four books of fiction. One good: *The Old Man and the Sea*. One so-so: *Islands in the Stream*. One pretty awful: *Across the River and Into the Trees*. (Mary recognized this as a disaster at the time, she reports. But Muses aren't hired to bring the bad news, and she didn't.) The last book, yet to be published, is *The Garden of Eden*, a story of a writer and his "triangular domestic arrangements," set mostly on the Riviera in the 1920s, which Mary describes cautiously as "containing some spots of excellent narrative."

The only real compensation for keepers of the flame is that they have the last word. In the beginning Mary exiles Hemingway from her book—for 93 pages—while she details her childhood in Minnesota, her first two marriages and her decade and a half of journalistic exploits. In an "I-was-somebody-too" tone she relates how Lord Beaverbrook gave her a dry kiss on the forehead and tried to persuade her to accompany him on a trip up the Nile; how she talked her way into Neville Chamberlain's suite in Munich (the toilet paper was pink, the wallpaper was blue).

The long-suffering, long-distance reader can hardly begrudge the lady her self-indulgence. She paid her dues. Once when Hemingway was diverted by a 19-year-old Italian nymphet (the model for Colonel Cantwell's love in *Across the River*), Mary moaned, "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen." Hemingway countered, "Nobody knows but Gellhorn." But Martha Gellhorn, wife-Muse number three, was a successful novelist and had been married (for less than five years) to a younger, less desperate Hemingway. Mary, not Martha, was there when the Nobel prize arrived, late as usual. Mary was also there on the morning of July 2, 1961, coming downstairs to find "a crumpled heap of bathrobe and blood, the shotgun lying in the disintegrated flesh."

How It Was tells little about the consummately gifted writer and tormented man that has not been reported before.

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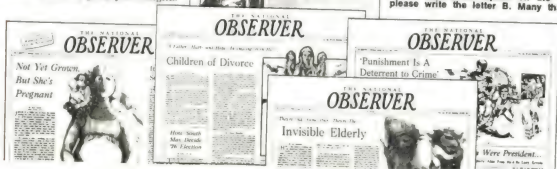
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Mary often confuses the superficial with the significant and, even by standards less strict than Hemingway's, flunks in prose style. Yet she is an indispensable witness. Nobody else could record that even when things were at their best, during the writing of *The Old Man and the Sea*, Hemingway confessed "I can cheer up everybody except me." She reveals his pain together with her own—which was sharpened by the knowledge that she could not help. Even so, Mrs. Hemingway has also written a decisive chapter in the history of women who do time as artists' handmaidens. As usual, her husband had the taut phrase for it: "You hired out to be tough, didn't you?"

—Melvin Maddocks

African Genesis

ROOTS

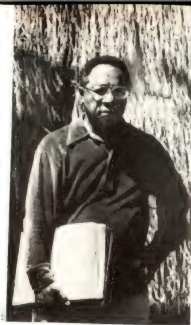
by ALEX HALEY

587 pages. Doubleday. \$12.50.

On Sept. 29, 1967, Alex Haley quietly celebrated a private bicentennial. He stood on a wharf at Annapolis, Md., exactly 200 years to the day after his great-great-great grandfather stumbled off the deck of the slave ship *Lord Ligonier* at the same spot. His ancestor was Kunta Kinte, one of 98 "Negroes" who managed to survive the three-month trip from West Africa. The original consignment, "packed like spoons in a drawer," included 140 Africans. The one-third loss, Haley notes drily, was about average for an 18th century slave voyage.

TV Series. Haley, a 55-year-old retired Coast Guardsman who is best known as the co-author of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, may be the only black American to possess such precise details about his ancestry. *Roots* The Saga of an American Family is Haley's memorial to that past. After twelve years of research and writing, delays and financial crises, the book is finally out. Yet it moves like a deep, slow-moving river that has always been there. For those who are unable or unwilling to read its 587 pages, *Roots* has been made a twelve-part TV series scheduled to begin next January. As America's answer to Britain's *Upstairs, Downstairs*, the TV version of *Roots* like the book, will cover not only the family's origins in Africa but also generations of race relations in the New World. Also, Haley's chronicle opportunely overlaps the publication of Herbert Gutman's *Black Family in Slavery and Freedom 1750-1925* (Pantheon), a revisionist study that persuasively disputes the notion that slavery destroyed the black family structure.

Roots most closely resembles a historical novel, a form that Haley does not seem to have studied too carefully. His narrative is a blend of dramatic and melodramatic fiction and fact that wells from a profound need to nourish himself with a comprehensible past. Haley recreates the Old South of mansions and slave shacks, fully aware that chains and



ALEX HALEY ON LOCATION
Sleep in an airless hold.

blood ties were at times indistinguishable. The book dramatically details slave family life—birth, courtship, marriage ("jumping the broom"), death and the ever present fear of being sold off and having to leave your kin.

Haley's genealogical search took him back to West Africa. In Gambia, he encountered an aged *griot*—a tribal oral historian—who traced Haley's lineage back centuries before Kunta Kinte was snatched by slavers in 1767. The emotional impact of hearing his forebears named cannot be overestimated. *Roots*' opening section, a fictionalization of Kunta's birth, Moslem upbringing and manhood rites, have a vividness of detail that only the impassioned imagination can provide. Consider this for example: "In rage, Kunta snatched and kicked against the shackles that bound his wrists and ankles. Instantly, angry exclamations and jerking came back from whomever he was shackled to."

The horrors of Kunta's ocean crossing are based on familiar scholarship. But while returning from Africa on a modern freighter, Haley also forced himself to sleep half naked on a rough plank in the ship's airless hold. It was his way of trying to dissolve time and the cultural insulation that can prevent a writer from telling his story. What a story it turns out to be. The 17-year-old Kunta Kinte is sold to a Spotsylvania County, Va., planter for \$850 and renamed Toby. But Kunta does not tame easily. Following his fourth escape attempt, half his right foot is cut off by professional slave catchers. He eventually becomes the buggy driver for a physician. In 1789 Kunta marries a slave woman named Bell, who bears their daughter Kizzy. At 15, Kizzy is sold to a North Carolina planter who promptly rapes her.

Kizzy bears a mulatto son whom she calls George. But she also whispers into

the infant's ear the African name of his grandfather, Kunta Kinte. The passing on of the name becomes a refrain throughout the book. It binds George, who becomes trainer of Massa's fighting cocks, to his own past. In turn, he passes on "Kunta Kinte" to his son Tom, who is emancipated after the Civil War. Tom is a master blacksmith who, as a freed slave, moves his family to Henning, Tenn. The whites welcome his skills but will not allow a black to have his own shop. Rather than work for anyone but himself, Tom rigs a wagon with forge and bellows and begins a successful career as an itinerant blacksmith.

The next generation finds Kinte blood mingled with that of an ambitious black man named Will Palmer, who in 1894 becomes the prosperous owner of a Henning lumber company. Haley himself was born in Ithaca, N.Y., son of Bertha and Simon Haley, both college educated, teachers, and solid members of the black bourgeoisie.

In general, the more verified facts that Haley has to work with, the more wooden and cluttered his narrative. Yet the story of the Americanization of the Kinte clan strikes enough human chords to sustain the book's cumulative power. Haley's keen sense of separation and loss, and his ability to forge a return in language, override *Roots*' considerable structural and stylistic flaws. The book should find a permanent home in a century teeming with physical and spiritual exiles.

R. Z. Sheppard

Decline and Fall?

THE TAKEOVER

by MURIEL SPARK

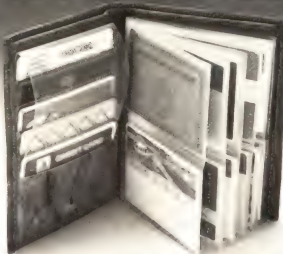
266 pages. Viking. \$8.95.

For years it seemed that Novelist Muriel Spark had talent to burn. Then, in the late 1960s, a suspicion arose that burning was exactly what she had done with it. Gone was the somber exuberance of such earlier triumphs as *Memento Mori*, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, *The Girls of Slender Means*. The froth turned sour and her amused awareness

NOVELIST MURIEL SPARK



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BOOKS

of human daffiness was drowned in simple venom. *The Abbess of Creve* (1974): Spark's deft parody of Watergate set in an English convent, gave reason to hope that all was not lost. *The Takeners* proves that nothing has been lost.

The old sheen, the amiably unscrupulous characters and the spectral tugs of mysterious forces are all reassembled—and hardly the worse for wear. Maggie Radcliffe, a fortyish American rich beyond telling, is trying to rid herself of an old hanger-on named Hubert Mallindaine. He is stubbornly settled in one of Maggie's three houses at Nemi, south-east of Rome, where votaries once worshipped at the temple of Diana. Hubert claims squatter's rights on the rather shaky grounds of his alleged descent from Diana and the Emperor Caligula. Hubert is also systematically selling Maggie's paintings and antiques and filling the house with clever fakes. "Hoping to inherit the earth," he intones. "I declare myself meek."

Tattered Fortune. He is the least of Maggie's problems. The time is the troubled '70s, and as Italy slides toward anarchic egalitarianism, immense wealth is becoming less and less fun. When she and her third husband stay at their house on the island of Ischia, they must hire men to stand on the beach and pose as intruders—in order to crowd out the real ones. Says Maggie: "The time is coming when we'll have to employ our own egg throwers to throw eggs at us, and, my God, of course, miss their aim, when we go to the opera on a gala night." Jewel and art thieves. Communist lawyers. Speculating financiers—all descend on Maggie and leave her fortune in tatters.

Like many of Muriel Spark's best characters, however, Maggie keeps busy being clever. She complains that the "tempo" of her husband's lovemaking is all wrong. "He starts off *adagio*, *adagio*. Second phase, well, you might call it *allegro ma non troppo* and pretty nervy." When she is offstage, Hubert the posur can usually be counted on for verbal sprightliness. "What is opulence," he asks in his best Oscar Wilde manner, "but a semblance of opulence?"

This question is not as flippant as Hubert makes it sound. Indeed, it has theological overtones that echo through the novel. Behind the glitter and chatter Spark hints at dark spiritual convulsions, a "new world which was arising out of the ashes of the old, avid for immaterialism." Toward the end of the book, the fraudulent Hubert is lionized by a crowd of jaded Romans as a spokesman for the vengeful goddess Diana. Maggie Radcliffe's brand of flamboyance, as beautiful as it is ill-gotten in the eyes of less favored mortals, seems doomed. Is it, then, the beginning of a new Dark Age—or a time when interest will accrue to souls instead of money? Spark does not say, but then she does not really have to. She is content, like Yeats' golden bird, to sing of what is past, or passing, or to come.

Paul Gray

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of the soaps, found a whole subculture, discovered the iron hand behind the wet handkerchief. And in so doing, TIME demonstrates once again the rewards of analyzing seriously what seems on the surface to be egregious frivolity.

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PUBLISHERS

The '76 Grapes of Joy

God made only water, but man made wine.

—Victor Hugo

God spared precious little water for France this past summer, but wine-making man is glorying in His neglect. From the rolling, red-earth slopes of Burgundy, whose minuscule vineyards might have been stitched into place by the Gobelin tapestry masters, to the gravelly, gray fields of Bordeaux, where sunny days are normally counted like pearls, the long, sultry Cézanne summer has wrought wonders among the grapes. For many wines, 1976 may prove to be the vintage of the century. At worst, the 1976 wines will be memorable and abundant in just about all the 655,125 acres of French vineyards that are rated first class, or AOC (for *Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée*).

Such rarely banded words as "*remarquable*," "*fantastique*," and "*extraordinaire*" are being breathed by growers and wine masters, traditionally a cautious clan. "We have rarely seen such quality in the grape," attests Jean Delmas, estate manager of Château Haut-Brion, the fabled *premier grand cru* classe Bordeaux château. As the picking drew to a close last week, some growers sounded like Verlaine of the vineyard. Said Aubert Gaudin of Villaine, co-owner of Burgundy's great Romanée-Conti vineyard: "These grapes could have been made in a sculptor's studio—small, round, even and tightly bunched, close around the heart." Their yield, most experts agree, will be *vins de garde*—wines to lay down and treasure for ten to 20 years.

Jeroboams of joy are also bubbling over in Champagne country, where the wine is already pressed and fermenting in the limestone *caves*. Some experts predict that 1976 will be the best year since 1893. Joseph Dargent, head of the Champagne Growers Association, exults: "The only thing that could change it from a truly remarkable vintage is an earthquake that would topple the barrels and spill the juice." Happily, earthquakes in Champagne are about as common as truffles on trees.

Only as the wines age can their myriad nuances and complexities be defined. But, as in the face and form of an infant beauty, all the lineaments of desirability are there. The grapes are thick-skinned, indicative of a high tannin content, which will help the red wines mellow with age and give them a pure, deep, brilliant hue. They are rich in sugar, assuring a high degree of natural alcohol (13% to 14% this year, v. 10% to 11% in normal seasons). The grapes also have a low acid content, promising full, soft wines for early consumption.

After consultation with Alexis Lichine, famed oenophile (*The New Encyclopedia of Wines & Spirits*), grower (Château Prieure-Lichine), and wine merchant, TIME Paris Bureau Chief Gregory Wierzynski cabled this outside evaluation from the major regions:

BURGUNDY. The great red wines of Côte de Nuits and Côte de Beaune are full-bodied and richly colored, and will, as they say, "upholster the palate." They will be even better than 1969. The whites are fruity, low in acid, round and full of character, comparable to 1962. All Burgundy prices are bound to rise at least 15%, after a dramatic decline over the past two years; whites, which have not had a good year since 1969, may climb even higher. The Burgundies should be mature enough to drink in three or four years.

BEAUJOLAIS. These light, fruity, relatively inexpensive wines from southern Burgundy will be superb. Such favorites as Moulin-à-Vent, Brouilly and Fleurie may rival some of the Burgundies in three years, though they will be drinkable as early as next spring. The Chardonnay whites from the Mâcon district, such as Pouilly-Fuissé, are very fruity, high in alcohol and richly flavored. Prices can be expected to jump 25%.

CÔTE DU RHÔNE. Despite late rains in this immensely prolific area, quality and color are notable. Some excellent Côtes du Rhône have been selling in the U.S. at about \$3 a bottle. Most wines from the area, including the renowned Châteauneuf-du-Pape, are now likely to rise at least 25%. They should be ready to enjoy in two years.

LOIRE VALLEY. An abundant crop of high-quality wine has been in the vats for a month. Muscadet, the dry, fruity white, and the slightly sweet Rose D'Anjou, which are best drunk young, will remain some of the best bargains anywhere at around \$3. The reds, such as Chinon, Bourgueil and Saumur-Champigny, show every sign of excellence. The whites, Pouilly-Fumé, Sancerre and Vouvray, were also exceptional. Loire

BASKETS OF GRAPES AWAIT CRUSHING

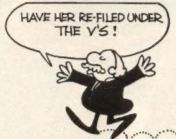
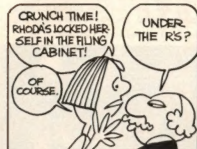


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CHAMPAGNE. The wine will have a distinctive yellow cast because of the dry season. Maurice Chevalier should be alive to hymn it. Prices will not be set for three years.

BORDEAUX. On the verge of its greatest year ever, the area was drenched by late rains, which diluted the juice. Nonetheless, the *grands crus* will at worst match 1975, a great year; most St. Emilions will surpass it, as will the sweet white wines of Sauternes and Barsac. This year's Bordeaux are perfumed, full-bodied and richly colored. They should be drinkable in three or four years; further maturing will make them memorable. Most Bordeaux tripled and quadrupled in price in the early 1970s; then their cost was halved. Now they have recovered, and the '76s will

and the famed doggedly demonstrated their epicurean epitude.

Betsy Bloomingdale of the department store dynasty brought her own nutmeg from Los Angeles for a rendition of an Eggs Chimay recipe published by Craig Claiborne (who also happened to be one of the six judges). The Detroit Tigers' Rusty Staub, who in his days as a Met studied cookery in several Manhattan restaurants, battled out a savory Oysters Rockefeller casserole. Celeste Holm concocted Shrimp Fiesta. Newscaster Carl Stokes reproduced his Mother's Best Home Fried Chicken. Designer Pauline Trigère, wearing an elegant Trigère gown, made Spaghetti Pauline. Actor Joel Grey and Wife Jo prepared Mexican Quesadillas. First prize (a basket of wines and liquor) went to *New York* magazine's resident gourmet, Gael

WHITEHEAD PHOTO



TRIGÈRE IN A TRIGÈRE

Doggedly demonstrating epicurean epitude.



BLOOMINGDALE IN APRON

probably maintain the current level.

Even with the expected price increases, the wines should be a good value. Indeed, shippers predict that Americans, who already consume nearly 20% of all French wine exports, will buy more than ever this year. After all, what American wine lover could resist laying down a great bottle carrying the label of '76?

Egging On Egos

In this age of universal *gourmandise*, hardly a celebrity in the U.S. will not confess to being a closet chef. To put unsung Escottiers in the limelight—and raise some money—the March of Dimes' New York chapter held a gourmet gala at the Waldorf-Astoria last week. Over hot stoves and chopping boards that ringed the ballroom, 26 contestants from the beautiful, the clever

Greene, who made roast duck with figs.

The assemblage of high-powered talents and egos produced only one notable contretemps. Marion Javits, wife of the New York Senator, steamed up Writer Dena Kaye, daughter of the comedian, by putting her ice cream roll on top of Kaye's Chocolate Mousse Normandy. The sticky situation was resolved by Waldorf chefs finding another refrigerator for the mousse, which survived to win top prize for desserts.

For the 500 guests, who paid \$125 a head (dancing included) to sample the fare, the Waldorf's chefs did their best to duplicate the celebrity recipes on their own stoves. Diners concluded that some magic must have been lost in the translation. Nonetheless, given the apparent eagerness of notables to display their culinary prowess, celebrity cook-offs could become the biggest thing in fund raising since Girl Scout cookies.

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